

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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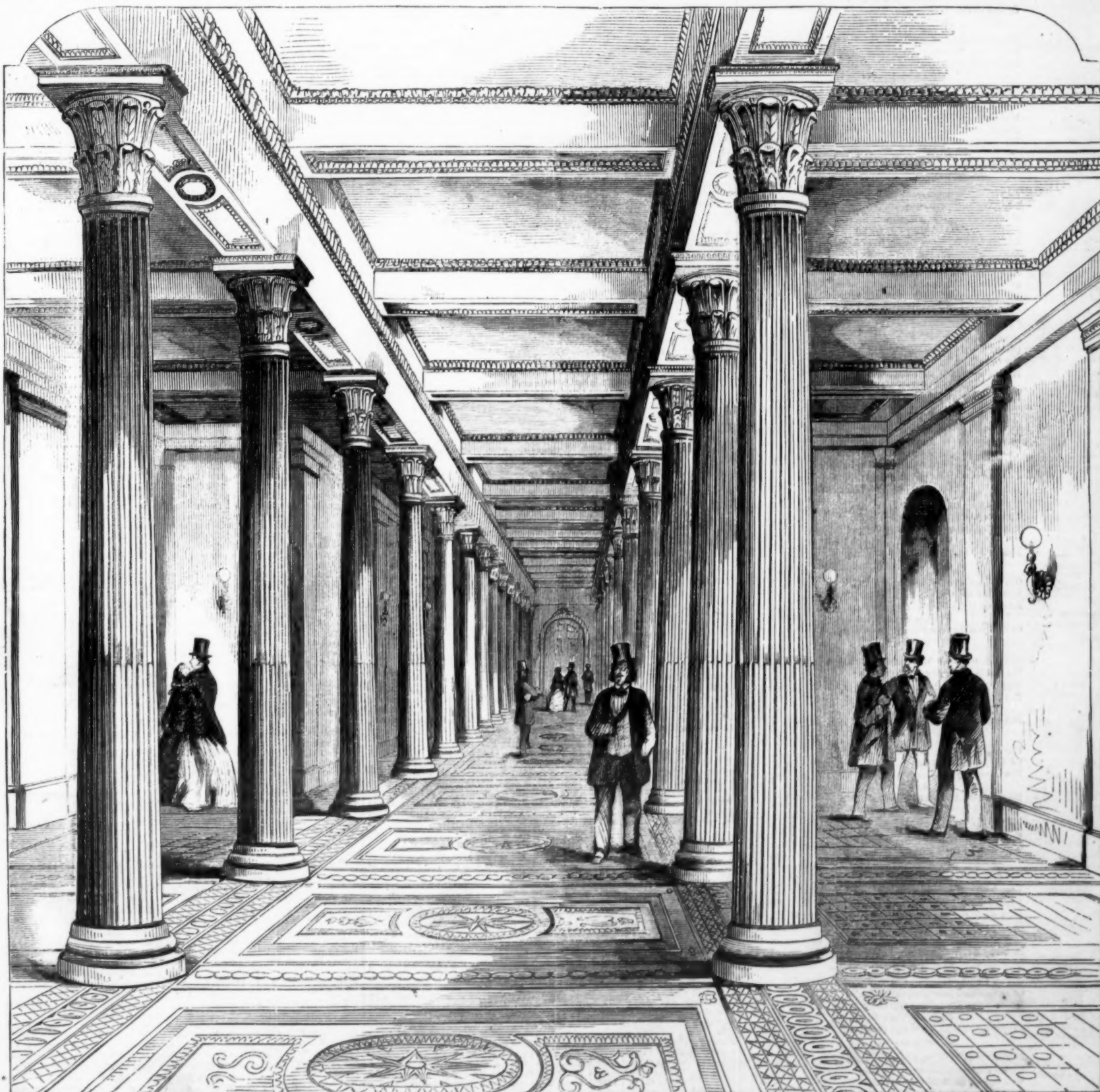
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OUR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

In our present number we commence our magnificent series of Pictorial Illustrations of the National Capitol at Washington. We are compelled to delay the publication of the great engraving of the New Hall of Representatives until next week, in consequence of extra preparation for the production of the enormous edition for which orders have poured in upon us from all sections



OUR WASHINGTON CAPITOL SERIES: CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, WITH EXQUISITE PAVEMENT OF MOSAIC WORK IN MARBLE.

of the country. We shall positively issue it next week, together with the Two Colored Engravings illustrating our New Story, which will also commence in our next number.

Our illustrations of the Capitol this week will consist of the Corridor connecting the left wing with the main building; the complicated heating and ventilating apparatus; the massive and luxurious chairs and desks, and the elaborate and ornate railings, balustrades, &c. With our great picture of the Hall of Representatives, and in the succeeding numbers, will appear other portions of the Capitol, together with the exquisite sculptures designed to embellish it, by Thomas Crawford, Hiram Powers, Palmer, &c. Our sixth volume will be of rare and unequalled interest, far exceeding our previous efforts: and we shall not halt in our endeavors to sustain the high character of our Illustrated Newspaper.

Passage-way in the House of Representatives.

Our engraving on the first page represents the hall or corridor on the first floor of the new House of Representatives. It connects the right wing, in which the Representatives are assembled, with the main building, and is almost entirely of marble. The colonnade consists of white Corinthian columns, supporting a ceiling in strict accordance with that rich and elaborate order; but beyond question the most beautiful feature of the hall is the marble floor, arranged in most exquisite mosaics. As will be seen from our sketch, the pattern is elaborate. A large star is placed between each pair of columns, the remainder of the central space being occupied with arabesque designs, while on each side runs a waving scroll-line from pillar to pillar. The walls are tinted buff, throwing out the white of the columns in fine relief, and the bronze-gilt gas fittings, shown in our engraving, are in a style harmonizing with that of the heavier metal work in the balustrades, &c. The two side doors seen in the foreground are openings to the staircase leading up to the Hall of Representatives itself.

TWO PETITIONS TO HIS HONOR, MAYOR TIEMANN.

Presented by Stanley.

THE DISTILLERS' PETITION.

Thou noble, just, and honest Mayor!
Oh, listen to our earnest prayer,
And turn a cold, defiant ear
To that Frank Leslie!

Or else to ruin us, we ear,
He'll try expressly!

That same Frank Leslie's raised the devil
With what he calls the will milk evil;
He lets his lying artists revel
In horrid pictures!

Excuse me, sir, I can't be civil
In these my strictures.

When ruin stares us in the face,
And squalid want comes on apace,
'Tis hard to talk with quiet grace
Of rascal meddlers!

Oh! I could murder all the race
Of picture pedlars!

On their nefarious errand bound,
Pencil in hand, they sneak around,
Wherever dairies can be found;
And then this Leslie

Swears that the co's are far from sound,
All sick and measly!

And then, dear sir! he goes to you
And brings these pictures to your view,
And swears that they are fair and true
As gospel sermons!

But he, with all his artist crew,
Are lyi g varmin's!

Oh! if I had him by the throat,
Far out at sea in an open boat,
His life would not be worth a groat,
Much less a dollar!

Into the salt sea would I tote
Him by the collar!

I'd poke him down, and make him sink,
Until poor Frank, I really think,
Quarts of swill milk would rather drink
Than so much water!

I'd cure him of his last new kink,
As I had ought-ter!

There's that confounded Watson, too,
The worst of all Frank Leslie's crew,
Whistling them on with hark balloo!
Oh! could I grab him!

Full well I know what I would do
Could I nab him!

Oh, noble Tiemann! honest Mayor!
Wilt thou not heed our earnest prayer,
And stop these fellows' mad career,
Right in the middle!

Or else you'll prove yourself, we swear,
Not worth a fiddle!

PETITION OF THE WIFE AND MOTHER.

Thou noble, just and honest Mayor!
Wilt thou not heed our earnest prayer,
Nor turn a cold, defiant ear
On our complaint!

But cure, by all you hold most dear,
The woes we paint?

Hark! hear you not that stifled cry
Of the lone mother, watching by
The sweet boy she has just seen die
By poison slow?

He was her all—now he must lie
The sod below!

Who did this deed so dark and sad?
Who has this childless widow made?
They died by the distiller's aid—
Both son and sire!

One died from milk—and one is dead
From liquid fire!

Are these despairing words of woe
More fancy? Thousands answer, "No!"
The rich distiller is our foe—
A deadly one!

In many a house hath he laid low
Both sire and son.

Oh, sir! strike boldly at the root
Of trees which bear such deadly fruit!
Or forth again they soon will shoot
Their pois'nous leaves,
Preparing for man, child and brute,
Untimely graves!

If you would have your honored name
Placed higher on the scroll of fame,
Or woman's gratitude would claim
For long, long years,
Oh! hear her cry! be it your aim
To dry her tears!

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Congressional Summary.

SENATE, FRIDAY, May 21.—This day was entirely devoted to private bills. SATURDAY, May 22.—Resolutions were adopted, asking for further information respecting the British outrages in the Gulf of Mexico. A request was made to the Secretary of the Treasury to report specific estimates of expenditure, with a view to reform. The Homestead bill was then taken up. The Senate, after some discussion, adjourned.

MONDAY, May 23.—A report was made by a majority of the Judiciary Committee in favor of the right of Messrs. Bright and Fitch, of Indiana, to their seats. Mr. Douglas introduced a bill in reference to foreign aggressions. The fifteen million loan bill was debated at length. A motion of Mr. Bigler, that it should be a coupon loan, was agreed to, and on motion of Mr. Cameron, the rate of interest was fixed at five instead of six per cent. In the debate, considerations of the tariff, the revival of business, and prospective free trade were considerably discussed. Mr. Douglas's bill is thus worded: "Be it enacted, etc.—That in case of flagrant violation of the Law of Nations, by outrages upon the flag, soil or citizens of the United States, or upon their property, and direct or indirect aggression, and when, in the opinion of the President, delay would be incompatible with the honor and dignity of the Republic, the President is hereby authorized to employ such force as he may deem necessary to prevent the perpetration of such outrages, and to obtain just redress and satisfaction for the same when perpetrated; and it shall be his duty to lay the facts of each case, together with the reasons for his actions in the premises, before Congress at the earliest practicable moment, for such further action thereon as Congress may direct." We agree with the Senator from Illinois, that the President ought to have power to act under such circumstances. It will, however, be severely contested.

FRIDAY, May 24.—Mr. Douglas's resolution caused much discussion. Senator Toombs made one of his Buncombe speeches, which was highly relished by the unthinking. He said: "He had been ready at any time these ten years for a war with England, and if we got up a war now, he wanted to be counted in." The Government should have sunk the British ships, or, seizing them, brought their officers here and hanged them. While the British gunboats are committing outrages in the Gulf—which sea is ours, and ought to be a mare clausum—the finest ship in the American navy is—where? Towing a telegraph line between two British possessions! This sounds very fine; but will Mr. Toombs explain why he and his friends are so lukewarm in voting money to build some steamers of war? Mr. Crittenden spoke more to the purpose when he said, "If the reports of the British insults were true, and were not simply disclaimed by England, we ought, he said, to be ready for war, and carry it out to the utmost honorable limits. He believed that England would give an ample apology for these offensive aggressions of her cruisers. He (Mr. Crittenden) was not belligerent either in policy or feeling; but war was not the worst of evils—silent submission to wrong, or feeling about it for a while and then suffering it to pass, was not the course for a great people, and was worse than war. English cannon cannot be permitted to stop our ships. He would not dispute with England about the abstract right of search, let her found her claim on what prerogative or supposed right she may; but the moment she makes an aggression on our national rights and honor, I will (said Mr. Crittenden), fight her upon the fact, with war for the argument."

WEDNESDAY, May 26.—The Chicago Harbor bill was passed, and several others of local interest. Then came up the Fifteen Million Loan bill, which was passed by 28 to 14. A slight amendment was made in it, that the warrants should be for \$1,000 each.

THURSDAY, May 27.—On motion of Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, the Homestead bill was postponed till January, by a vote of 50 to 21. A motion to reconsider was made, and will come up to day.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, FRIDAY, May 21.—The day was taken up in a long and desultory debate concerning the admission of Messrs. Phelps and Kavanaugh as members from Minnesota. The House adjourned.

SATURDAY, May 22.—After considerable debate, Phelps and Kavanaugh, the members from Minnesota, were sworn in. The election case of Mr. Lewis D. Campbell was taken up and discussed. Mr. Vallandigham, the contestant, making a long speech on his own behalf. The House adjourned with the understanding that a vote should be taken on Monday.

MONDAY, May 23.—The time of the members was entirely taken up by the District of Columbia, and led to a very warm debate between Davis, of Maryland, and Marshall and Burnett, of Kentucky.

TUESDAY, May 24.—After various unimportant matters, Mr. Glancy Jones moved to appropriate \$350,000, to be expended at the discretion of the Secretary of War in repairing the fortifications. This brought up the prominent topic of the day, the British outrages at sea. Mr. Bowdell said, "He trusted that the Administration had not only sent orders to the Gulf to protect our commerce, but for the arrest of every foreign captain who has boarded our vessels, that they might be brought into port and tried for piracy. Broadbides first and explanations afterwards was his motto." Despite the apparent urgency of the case, the House adjourned without taking any definite action on the bill.

WEDNESDAY, May 26.—The Fortification bill was killed, its enacting clause being struck out by thirteen majority. Mr. J. Glancy Jones reported a Fifteen Million Loan Bill and a bill to defray the expenses of collecting the revenue. The Fort Snelling report coming up, a motion to postpone till December was made by Mr. Davis, of Indiana. This was resisted by the friends of Secretary Floyd, as unjust to him, and defeated, 167 to 26. The report was postponed until Tuesday next. The Naval appropriation (\$13,150,000) was then considered in Committee, when a long and interesting debate ensued, in which our readiness to cope with England, and various other subjects, military and political, were considered. Mr. Taylor, of New York, succeeded in obtaining the sanction of the Committee to an amendment appropriating a sum of \$50,000 for filling in at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, which item had been struck out by the Committee of Ways and Means. The bill was laid aside, to be reported to the House. The appropriations for the volunteer regiments were debated, and laid aside. Mr. Bowie, of Maryland, by his disorderly conduct, broke up the sitting of the Committee, and when he found the Sergeant-at-Arms on his trail, prudently left the hall. Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, proposed that postage be increased from three to five cents. Ruled out, and the House adjourned.

THURSDAY, May 27.—The House received the report of the Tariff Investigating Committee, which ordered it printed. A sharp debate occurred between Mr. Letcher, of Virginia, and Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, on the question whether the Administration is justly charged with extravagance. A number of interesting topics came up for discussion, but no decisive action was had on any of them.

British Outrages.

Considerable indignation has been aroused in the public mind by visits paid by English officers to our shipping in the neighborhood of Cuba, under the pretence of searching for slaves. It has been taken up with great spirit by Secretary Cass, in whose patriotic hands the country can safely leave the matter. It is much to be regretted that the vexed question of right of search cannot be set at rest for once and for ever. It is a disgrace to two great nations to thus continually let the nigger question disturb the peace of the world. There is but one way to stop the slave trade, and that is by the transfer of Cuba to the United States. To that complexion must it come at last, and the sooner the better. It is also most desirable that we should have some gunboats of our own to perform our part of the Treaty, and not leave our work to be done by the British.

The Husband Killer.

Mrs. Gardner, who was tried for poisoning her husband, has been found guilty of murder in the second degree, the penalty of which is imprisonment for life. Mrs. Gardner appeared to be very much startled at the verdict, and visibly sobbed more than she had at any other time during the trial. Of course, as the murder was one of considerable atrocity, every effort will be made to save her from punishment. Even now her counsel has applied for a new trial!

A Kentucky Horror.

Miss McCann, who resides near the Gum Lick Springs, had her attention attracted several mornings by a large flock of buzzards to a spot some distance from the house; proceeding to it, what was her horror to find, in a clump of trees, the body of her father suspended to a bough by a rope round his neck. He had been absent for about three weeks. The birds had picked his eyes out, and eaten a considerable quantity of the flesh from his body.

Cupid's Habeas Corpus.

Habeas corpus has been made useful at last to lovers, for we read in an Illinois paper that two lovers, who wanted to get married, were prevented from following their natural inclination by the young lady's mother, who kept her locked up in her own house. As the love-sick maiden was of full age, the lover sued out a writ of habeas corpus, and the mother was compelled to bring her daughter into court. Upon her arrival, the Judge asked her whether she wanted to marry Smith? Upon her saying "Yes," he married them straight off, to the mother's indignation.

A River on Fire.

The drab-colored gentlemen of Pennsylvania are preparing for the Britishers, for the Philadelphia Ledger says, that about six o'clock the whole surface of the river, opposite Chestnut street, was covered with the densest volumes of smoke. The firemen, with their usual alacrity, were out, and there is no knowing what they might have done towards extinguishing the Delaware, by pouring streams from the Schuylkill into it, had it not been that the experiment of burning the river was a short-lived one, intended to demonstrate the possibility of the thing, and not to consume it entirely. A Frenchman, named Guibert, was experimenting with his chemical fire, to show how easily a hostile fleet might be destroyed. He raised a great smoke, considerable fire and a perfect hubbub; but as the fleet was not there, it was not destroyed.

The Paducah Romance.

The young Prussian, whose exploits in finance, ballet-girling, &c., have caused so much interest, has made another step in his melo-dramatic career, for the Mobile Advertiser says: "On the 27th ult., Edward Desseing, the Prussian, charged with forgery, whose case has caused so much comment and excitement, was tried at Paducah, Ky., and acquitted—Judge Williams deciding that the depositions taken in Prussia could not be admitted as competent evidence. The nature of the depositions we have not heard. Quite a demonstration was made by the people upon the discharge of the accused, but the Judge rebuked it, and said that he had not been guided in his decision by the popular feeling. Directly after the result of the trial was known, Mr. Lepaugh and the Prussian police officer were arrested upon a charge of false imprisonment." We rather opine that the Kentucky boys go beyond their British friends—for they did not arrest Louis Napoleon when they acquitted Simon Bernard!

Riot in Philadelphia.

A serious riot took place at Lemon Hill, on the 24th of May, between a crowd of men and boys and the police and a military company. A German company,

called the Lafayette rifles, went out on an excursion to celebrate Whit Monday. Towards the evening the wine and lager had made some of the men riotous, and a policeman was cut on the head by one of the soldiers. Upon the police attempting to arrest him, his comrades resisted, and the mob took sides with the police, a regular fight ensued. Seven or eight were seriously wounded.

Sunday School Anniversary.

Nearly fifteen thousand children were to have paraded, on Tuesday, 25th May, in Brooklyn, but owing to the unfavorable state of the weather the perambulation was postponed. They, consequently, gathered in their respective churches, where they went through their exercises, and had some cakes. After this they sang songs, and separated to their homes after a day of much quiet enjoyment.

Safe Travelling.

In addition to the perils of fire and blowing-up in our river boats, there is another one not so generally known—that of being murdered in the night, robbed, and then given to the fishes. A Mr. Johnson Chaffee went with his wife up to Albany, some few weeks ago, in one of the river boats, and having seen his wife to her state-room for the night, went to smoke a cigar on deck. This was the last ever seen or heard of him alive. In the morning no trace could be found of him; he had, the captain said, no doubt fallen overboard. The following letter from the corner of Fishkill county supplies the rest: "On Thursday morning of last week the body of an unknown man was found floating in the river, near Break Neck, by Mr. Miles Mosher, who was fishing at that place, and towed into the brickyard of Thomas Albridge. I was notified and summoned a jury, and proceeded to the place and held an inquest. Upon his person was found several valuables, articles of jewellery, a silver watch and gold chain. All the money the deceased had about him was two half dollar pieces and a five cent piece. In his pockets were found letters, bills, memoranda-books, passage-tickets, &c., which satisfied the jury that his name was Johnson Chaffee. He had a severe bruise in his face, evidently the marks of foul play, and the jury rendered their verdict accordingly. His remains are yet in the Methodist burying-ground of this place. Officer Brevoort came here on Saturday night, accompanied by an undertaker, with the intention of removing the body to the city, but as it was impossible, on account of its decomposed situation, they left without it. The watch, chain, and other articles of jewellery were delivered to Officer Brevoort, who left for the city late Saturday night."—Life is certainly becoming more gloriously uncertain than even law.

Pedant.

The New York Express seems to insinuate that a Member of Congress should be able to read and write grammatically. It consequently objects to this letter from a distinguished Senator:

"GREENSBORO, April 18, '57.—Dear sir you will please find two dollars enclosed for the payment of the Visitor you have been kind enough to send me your paper for the last nine months—and we are told from the best authority that the labor is worthy halter—I must say yours is a good county paper so far as general news is concerned—as to the political part of the paper—according to my opinion, will fall short to some extent the great principles taught by our four fathers but you are yet young and I hope you will improve yours truly."

The worthy legislator says he can read and write better than any of his constituents. We ourselves feel inclined to forgive the spelling for the sake of the merit it shows in paying for his paper.

Shipping News.

On the 25th May there were 189 ships in Boston harbor. There are at this minute seventy-four ships on their way to California from the United States, and from Europe to California, thirty-seven. There are also ninety-one vessels sailed from United States to Australia. All these are so many arguments against the chance of a war with England, who will, of course, apologise for the unwise vigilance of her cruisers.

The Two Fleets in the Gulf.

As a proof of the undignified and defenceless condition in which the unpatriotic parsimony of Congress leaves us, we append the comparative strength of the British and American fleets, even supposing we are able to get all ready for sea. Of course, there is no probable chance of a collision, but, if such should occur, it would be very unpleasant to be caught napping.

AMERICAN.	
Name of Vessel.	Guns.
Steamer Colorado	40
Steamer Fulton	5
Steamer Wabash	40
Steamer Water Witch	2
Steamer Arctic	2
Steamer Despatch	2
Sloop-of-war Savannah	24
Sloop-of-war Jamestown	24
Brig Dolphin	4
Total number of guns	141

BRITISH.	
Name of Vessel.	Guns.
Arachne	18
Atalanta	16
Brunswick, steamer	80
Basilisk, steamer	6
Buzard, steamer	6
Cumberland	70
Devastation, steamer	6
Forward, steam gunboat	2
Harrier, steamer	16
Imaum	72
Indus	78
Jasour, steam gunboat	1
Jasper, steam gunboat	1
Leopard, steamer	18
Skipjack, steam gunboat	2
Styx, steamer	6
Tartar, steamer	20
Terror, steamer	16
Total	435

Hoboken.

The genius of discord seems to hover over this beautiful spot; it has even crept into the church, where schism builds her nest, like a foul bat. The Elysian Fields are losing their former paradisaical innocence. Indeed, all seems tending to a civil war. In the meantime, the consumption of lager increases. The energetic and warlike Shippin contemplates fitting out the John Fitch as a privateer, in the event of a war between England and the United States intending to occupy a dignified neutrality; of course, it would be too much to expect a Jerseyman not to butter his bread on both sides, and privateers from Communipaw, Jersey city, Hardimer and Hoboken will, therefore, put to sea for the purpose of capturing both the union jack and the stars and stripes—a beautiful instance of Christian impartiality. The enterprising Hall has been advised to build a telescope for the Atlantic Gardens, in order to see the gallant scenes that will take place on the Atlantic during the approach of war.

Foreign Intrigues.

In a village not a hundred and four miles from New York, an attempt was recently made to dislodge a clergyman whose blameless life had endeared him to all. It was, like the Trojan war, all about a woman, and that, like Helen, a grass widow. The Agamemnon was an evil-doer, and the Thersites, the fair one's father; everything promised victory, when an Achilles arose in the camp to bother the Grecians, in the shape of a poet, painter, politician and philosopher, who boarded the evil-doer's gang to their face; an eminent physician was the Hector; the result was the total rout of the enemies of the parson, who has been left in possession of the field of battle—his church. The disconsolate Helen consoles herself in the equine society of a favorite mare, for she is an excellent rider.

The End of All.

There is something very appalling in the following advertisement in an Indiana paper:

"Found, on the 4th day of May, 1858, in Pulaski county, Indiana, the body of a woman, supposed to be about the middle age, about five feet high, complexion unknown; had marks of scars, but could not determine that they had been inflicted by violent hands; had on no clothes save an old velvet waist, with satin sleeves, a white under-shirt, blue stockings, old shoes and light-colored cotton gloves, a set of artificial teeth, seven in number, and earrings in her ears; no other property about the body. The name of the person and cause of death unknown. Supposed to have been dead about three months."

Well may we say with Hood,
"Had she no father,
Had she no mother!"

Thus in a moment perishes what has given the human being so much trouble to tend and keep alive for many years!

Woman's Rights.

A very pretty lady stopped one of the Boston horse cars the other day, and proceeded to give the driver a tremendous thrashing. She afterwards explained that he was her husband and had loved some one else, not wisely but too well.

Strong-minded Women.

An entire Chinese regiment, for having abandoned an unfeeling fort during the recent attack on Canton by the French and English forces, has been sentenced to wear women's clothes for five years. Reverse the circumstances, and how delighted the strong-minded women would be at the probable emancipation of women from petticoats.

Utah.

Despite the conflicting accounts that have reached us during the last few days, there is no doubt of the Mormons coming to a more reasonable state. Brigham Young has sent a deputation of fifty elders to escort Gov. Cummings into Utah city, and has shown an inclination to negotiate. These, however, can lead to nothing, since the filthy abomination of polygamy, which is really and truly the only article of their faith, cannot be tolerated. They will, therefore, no doubt, take their disgusting superstition to some other locality.

Served "Charivari" right.

The New Orleans Picayune gives an account of a very proper punishment inflicted on one of those disgusting nuisances called Marrowbones and Cleavers Concerts, given as a sort of Musard welcome to newly-married couples, for the purpose, no doubt, of keeping them awake. It seems that a Mr. Seymour married a Miss Mary Horan, at the house of the bride's mother, where a party of

dirty rowdies commenced their diabolical musical devilry. Upon their refusing to desist when Mrs. Horan entreated them, her son James, a lad only eight years old, took a loaded revolver and discharged several barrels into the mob, wounding several. It has been decided that it is justifiable to shoot such parties.

New Jersey on Fire.

From Millerville we learn that on the 24th a fire broke out in the woods near that town. It went in a north-west direction, and extended seven miles in width. As the woods extend forty-five miles, considerable damage was done. It originated from some persons making a fire in one of the woods.

Thief Rob Thief.

Honor among thieves is going out of fashion, for the wife of a burglar has informed against a man who buys stolen goods, because he refused to fulfill his agreement with her. Some of these developments decidedly implicate the police, as being more or less acquainted with the better class of those men who purchase the proceeds of these robberies. It appears that sailing boats are hired, and regular piratical descents are made upon towns on the Hudson, and the spoils carried off in the night.

Love and Burglary.

The old farce of "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," although seldom performed at our theatres, is, we find, constantly acted at private theatricals. A gentleman, and correspondent of the New York Herald, who writes over the signature of "G. McF., a Reformed Burglar," says that burglaries are generally performed by the sweethearts of the maid-servants; but let him tell it in his own words:

"All these acquaintances and lovers, or cousins and brothers, as we were called, gain admittance to the houses, make all the love we can, and then, after learning all we want to know, rob the house; this is the cause of our success. Warn all against these lovers, brothers, cousins, &c., and advise visiting the servants to be stopped, and there will be less burglaries. I have robbed in three years nineteen houses, but am now reformed by the spiritual revivals, and have gone to my trade of locksmith."

It is cruel thus to take advantage of the susceptible Irish Diddies, to "crack a crib." "The way to my chamber is through the church," said a celebrated beauty to a gallant king; "the way to the plate-chest is through a serving-girl's heart," says the Reformed Burglar.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

Parliamentary Summary from May 7 to 15.

HOUSE OF LORDS, May 7.—The whole sitting was taken up by a debate on India, in which Lord Derby and Ellenborough condemned the confiscatory proclamation of Lord Canning, who, of course, found defenders. The publication of Lord Ellenborough's dispatch, censuring Lord Canning for his proclamation against the lawless owners of Oude, has evidently given the Opposition a handle against the Ministry of a very dangerous kind.

MONDAY, May 10.—The Earl of Shaftesbury gave notice of his intention of moving a vote of censure on her Majesty's Ministers, for publishing the despatch condemning Lord Canning at a time when Oude was in rebellion. Lord Ellenborough blamed Canning's despatch, and declared his wholesale system of confiscations as highly impolitic and unjust.

TUESDAY, May 11.—The secret despatch thus made public again became the subject of a warm debate, in which Lord Derby blamed Mr. Vernon Smith much for not communicating to Lord Ellenborough a private letter he had received from Lord Canning, explanatory of the Oude confiscations, and which might have changed the decision of Government. Earl Granville said that he himself had commenced reading to Ellenborough a letter from the Governor-General of India, that he paid so little attention to the communication, that he put the letter again into his pocket. Amid this storm of condemnation, the luckless Earl of Ellenborough rose, and after gallantly taking upon himself the entire responsibility of the offending despatch, not having even shown it to his colleagues, nor yet consulted them on it, he announced that he had that morning tendered his resignation to the Queen, who had accepted it, and consequently he was no longer one of her Majesty's Cabinet. He trusted that would be quite enough to save the Ministers from any further trouble in the matter. Earl Derby pronounced a high eulogium on Ellenborough for his manliness in sacrificing himself; but at the same time admitted he thought his despatch to Lord Canning as an act not altogether to be defended.

On Wednesday and Thursday the Peers did not sit.

FRIDAY, May 14.—Lord Shaftesbury moved a vote of censure on the Ministers for their despatch to Lord Canning. Lord Ellenborough reiterated his assertion that he alone was responsible for the despatch in question, and defended the principles laid down in it. The Duke of Argyll, Somerset and Newcastle, and Lord Cranworth and Grey, spoke in favor of the Government, and the Earls of Carnarvon and Donoughmore defended the Government. The Earl of Derby justified the despatch, and condemned the want of clemency on the part of Lord Canning in confiscating the whole territory of Oude. He deprecated the conduct of Mr. Vernon Smith in withholding from Government the private letter received from Lord Canning, in which explanation of the proclamation were promised. He said that Government as a body was responsible for the publication of the despatch. After some remarks from Lord Granville, the House divided, the vote being 168 for the resolution, and 167 against it; majority in favor of Government, 9. The announcement was received with elation.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 7.—Mr. Kingslake asked the Government to communicate the despatch received from the Sardinian Government respecting the Neapolitan difficulty. Mr. Disraeli declined, for the present, on the ground of its being impolitic. Lord John Russell called upon the ministers to aid Sardinia in its demand upon King Bomba for redress. Mr. Fitzgerald said the Government had never intended to abandon their Sardinian ally. Mr. Gladstone said the honor of England was pledged to carry Sardinia through this affair.

May 10.—Mr. Cardwell gave notice that on Thursday he should move a vote of censure on the ministers for the publication of their despatch to Lord Canning. The House then rejected the amendments made to the Oaths bill by the House of Lords. Lord John Russell then moved that a committee be appointed to confer with the Lords upon the subject. Mr. Thomas Duncombe proposed that Baron Rothschild should be placed on the committee. This was adjourned till next day. The House then went into a Committee of Supplies and the army was discussed. Gen. Peel said that before the breaking out of the Indian rebellion the army was 157,000 men, of whom 50,000 were in India. The present force was 225,000 men, and it was their intention to increase it 50,000 more. There was no difficulty in obtaining recruits, for 48,000 men had voluntarily enlisted within the last five months.

May 11.—Mr. Cardwell substituted Friday instead of Thursday for his vote of censure on ministers. The adjourned debate upon the motion that Baron Rothschild should be nominated as one of the committee to confer with the Lords respecting the Oaths bill was then resumed by Mr. Cairns, who said, that after examining the legal bearings of the question, he was convinced the House was entitled to appoint Baron Rothschild on the committee, but he was not so clear whether the Baron's serving on it would not involve him in a personal liability. After considerable debate the motion appointing Rothschild on the committee of conference was carried by a vote of 151 to 106. Lord Esheridge called attention to the sanitary condition of the army, and urged upon the Government the necessity of paying more attention to the welfare and comfort of the soldiers. Gen. Peel said that arrangements had already been made to improve the barracks.

May 12.—Lord Templeton inquired if Lord Ellenborough's resignation had been voluntary or induced by any wish expressed, directly or indirectly, by his colleagues; also, whether it was the Government's intention to adopt the views contained in the despatch of Lord Ellenborough or in the stringent proclamation of Lord Canning. Disraeli said Ellenborough's resignation was quite unknown to his colleagues; the resignation being in the Queen's hands before any of the Cabinet had any idea of it; if they had been consulted before the resignation was tendered, they would have requested him to withdraw it. Disraeli declined answering the other question.

May 14.—Mr. Cardwell brought forward his motion of censure upon the Government for the Indian despatch, and advocated his views at length. Mr. Sergeant Doxey seconded the resolution and the speakers in favor of it included Mr. Lowe, Mr. Vernon Smith and Lord John Russell, the latter of whom gave his strenuous support, contending that Government had acted disgracefully towards Lord Canning, and arguing that either Lord Canning must be pronounced incapable of continuing in his high position or Government must be censured. The speakers in defence of Government were the Solicitor-General, Mr. Lindsay, Mr. Baillie, Lord Stanley and others. Some of the liberal members spoke in favor of Government, because they expected to gain more from the present Government than ever they had gained from the Whigs. The debate was adjourned till Monday, the 15th.

The Africa brings news from the Old World to the 15th. It is not of very special importance. Our Parliamentary supplies the chief political news. The London Times says: "Perhaps her Majesty Queen Victoria may extend her autumnal tour this year, and pay a visit to a more remote portion of her dominions than she has yet graciously honored with her august presence"—which is interpreted to mean Canada. The debate in the Lords had terminated in Lord Derby's favor. In the Commons, it had been adjourned till the 15th. If we are to judge by the tone of the public press, the Ministers will be defeated by a majority of from thirty to forty. This will, of course, lead to a dissolution of Parliament, or the resignation of the Ministry. Lord John Russell will probably be the next Premier, although the people may think they have sufficiently punished him; but let "Pam," and let him in again, "a reader and a writer" Prime Minister. Two hundred of his old supporters in the Commons had held a meeting at his house, in which they renewed their confidence. If the Derby Ministry stood their ground, Lord Stanley would succeed Ellenborough, and Palmer, the novelist, will be Colonial Secretary.

Professor Hughes's experiments have been eminently successful in transmitting the electric spark through the whole extent of the cable. On the 13th Cyrus W. Field called upon the First Lord of the Admiralty, and asked for a steamer in lieu of the United States steamer *Susquehanna*, which was unable to attend the Niagara, owing to the yellow fever breaking out in her. It was immediately granted. Thus does the parsimony of Congress expose us to mortifications. We have to borrow the *Grapeshot* of a private citizen to bring back a criminal, and beg the loan of a steamer to act as a tender to our Niagara.

The Austrians were increasing the garrisons, and strengthening the fortifications of their Italian fortresses.

Agrarian disturbances are spreading in Russia. The agitation is directed against the nobles.

France remains in an apparent calm. Whether she really slumbers, or merely keeps her eyes shut, is the question!

Spain is evidently dreaming uncomfortably.

Sardinia is busily engaged in cultivating the good will of France. The Emperor, however, a viceroy not to commence hostilities against Naples, without an appeal to mediation, and even then not without the consent of himself and England.

Atlantic Cable.

All the ships of the squadron will leave Plymouth, as we have previously announced, about the 24th or 25th of this month on their experimental trip, which will occupy from six to ten days. During this about 100 miles of condemned cable will be used in ascertaining the efficiency of various buoys, laying down and under-running the wire, &c., and when all doubts and theories have been practically solved, the squadron return to Queenstown, making its brief final preparations, and start for the great attempt about the 10th of June. Both ships, with the accompanying frigates, make all speed to the centre of the Atlantic, or rather to the centre of the space to be traversed by the cable, which is about 32 deg. west of Greenwich. Here the splices between the two halves will be made without loss of time. There is 1,500 fathoms water where this join must be made, and both vessels will remain stationary until the splice has well settled on the bottom, when the Niagara will at once steer for the New World, and the Agamemnon will return to the Old. Each will steer as fast to her homeward destination as is consistent with the safety of the undertaking, so the cable will be either laid or laid within twelve or fourteen days from starting. The depths to which the Niagara will have to sink her portion vary quickly and irregularly from 1,500 to 2,500 fathoms, or from 1½ to about 3½ miles; and this is the case also with the Agamemnon's portion of the distance. But on the American side the water shoals easily and gradually towards Newfoundland, whereas, on the British portion of the ocean, the Agamemnon will have to surmount a tremendous ridge, which may be called the Andes of those vast submarine plains of the Atlantic. It commences at about 15 deg. west longitude, and in the course of a few miles the water suddenly shoals from 1,750 fathoms to 550. Up this vast rocky precipice—almost as steep as the side of Mont Blanc—the cable must be laid with extreme care. The difficulty once overcome, the way thence to Valencia becomes comparatively of no account.

INDIA.

The Bombay mails of the 24th of April are to hand. Bulk of the army at Lucknow. Colin Campbell had seen Lord Canning at Allahabad, and on the 20th of April was to march for Rohilcand. Bareilly and Calpee still lie by sepoy, who were also in force near Fatehpore and near Benares. Sir Hugh Rose at Jhansi. Punjab and Scinde tranquil. A hot weather campaign was to be undertaken. Jung Bahadur had promised more aid; it is rumored he is promised a vacant throne. Neph Sahib has 26,000 sepoy and a large rabble with him; he is constantly surrounded by a devoted body-guard of cavalry. The headquarters are to be transferred to Cawnpore. Altogether, there is much work yet to be done.

VENEZUELA.

The revolution is not progressing so favorably by the last accounts—the French and British Consuls interfering in a most unjustifiable manner to screen and save the deposed tyrant, Monagas. Indeed, it was stated that the French Consul had threatened to fire upon the town if the fallen despot was not delivered up to him. The British Consul backs him in this. We must, however, add that until the last week the American Consul was acting in unity with these consuls; so there may be redeeming points in Monagas we are not aware of, since it is not probable the consuls of the three nations could all be corrupt or deceived. The next arrivals will bring some decisive intelligence.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Singular Combat.

The Glasgow *Argus* relates that as Mr. Oliphant, stocking merchant of that ilk, was standing on Strone pier, he heard an unusual noise proceeding from the water at his feet, upon looking down he perceived the water agitated, which was occasioned by the struggles of a large water-rat to disengage itself from the jaws of a huge crab. This rat occasionally brought his captor to the surface, when the latter gave him a sharper nip, as the rat no sooner got above water than he squeaked dolefully and began to sink again. At this minute Mr. Oliphant gave the crab a rap with his stick, which induced the crustacean Wellington to let the Napoleon of rats out of limbo. The rat ran into a convenient hole and the crab sank, like lead, to the depths of the stream.

Dickens and Thackeray.

At the late dinner of the Literary Fund, Thackeray informed the company that, on the suicide of Seymour, the artist who was illustrating *Pickwick*, he waited upon Dickens to propose assuming Seymour's position, but was rejected by Boz in favor of H. K. Browne, the now famous Phil. Dr. Mahony, the well-known Father Prout of *Fraser's Magazine*, and now editor of the *London Globe*, was the medium of introduction.

Sailors' Enterprise.

The British ship *Washington* was wrecked last January on the coast of Patagonia. The crew went to work and in thirty-eight days built a small sloop out of the old material, and, putting to sea, arrived on the 10th March at Valparaiso, which is 1,200 miles distant from the scene of shipwreck.

Appointments.

Sir Henry Bulwer, so well known to us by his negotiating the famous treaty that is called after him and Mr. Clayton, has been appointed Ambassador to Constantinople, to succeed Lord Stratford. Mr. Erskine has been appointed Secretary of Legation at Washington. This is the gentleman who was recalled from Turin for interpolating a note to Count Cavour, the Sardinian Premier.

Queen of Portugal.

The London papers have caught a glimpse in the person of the young bride of the King of Portugal, the Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern, who was married by proxy in Berlin some short time ago. She has paid a visit of five days to Victoria, who is famous for amusing her guests. In the fine days she saw a great deal of London life—Crystal Palace, Sydenham—the opera—a ball, where she danced with the Duke of Malakoff—a grand drawing-room, and other sights, more or less important. On the close of these festivities, she embarked on board the *Bartholomew Dias*, the Portuguese vessel sent to convey her to Lisbon, escorted by a powerful English fleet!

A Mystery Explained.

In another column (Domestic Miscellany) we give a brief account of the mysterious death of an Englishman named Johnson Chaffee, who had lately arrived in New York, and who disappeared from on board the *Albany* boat one night—his body being found a week afterwards floating in the Hudson. By the *Africa* we have the *London Gazette* of the 7th May, in which, among the bankrupts, we read thus: "Johnson Chaffee, Kingston-upon-Hull, Commission Agent." There is no doubt but they are one and the same man. This would almost infer that he had fled from his creditors and had committed suicide—still, it is probable his ill-gotten gains might have tempted some New York rowdies to murder him!

Layard of Nineveh.

Mr. Layard, whose excavations of Nineveh have already rendered him famous, is giving evidence that he is really only fitted to be an excavator, for on his recent return from India he has been lecturing to the public. He endeavors to palliate the horrors of the sepoy, but common sense and common humanity are too strong for him. As a specimen of his monomania we give one sentence: "It was a great rising of the Indian people, and he believed, they meant to exterminate man, woman and child, but they did not mean to insult or mutilate." Was there ever such a cold-blooded idiot? We dare say if the negroes of the South were to rise and emulate the sepoy in atrocities we should find some Fourierist philanthropist ready to applaud or palliate!

Art Intelligence.

We question if New York has not a far superior collection of theatrical artists than London has possessed for the last four or five years. From Laura Keane and Wallack's alone a company could be collected equal to any now in the British metropolis. To this is most probably owing the want of dramatic property evident there, for every week appears to us to grow less and less interesting. At the Adelphi the old musical melodrama of "Guy Raversham" has been produced, to give Madame Celeste an opportunity of playing *Meg Merrilee*. It is compared to Miss Cushman's for power and originality, but differs widely in its nature. Chorley, an ardent admirer of "our Charlotte," praises it highly: Miss Rodin's singing is also much lauded. At the St. James's Theatre there has appeared the King of Sardinia's wizard, whose name is Carlo Andreotti, Physician Prestidigitateur; he performs the most marvellous feats and sends all home loosed with bon bons.

Mr. Dickens has commenced a campaign on his own account of reading some of his Christmas stories. As whatever relates to our prose Shakespeare is of interest, we quote his introductory remarks: "Ladies and gentlemen, it may perhaps be known to you that, for a few years past, I have been accustomed occasionally to read some of my shorter books to various audiences, in aid of a variety of good objects, and at some chance to myself both in time and money. It having at length become impossible in any reason to comply with these always accumulating demands, I have had gently to choose between now and then reading on my own account as one of my recognised occupations, or not reading at all. I have had little or no difficulty in deciding on the former course. The reasons that have led me to it—besides the consideration that it necessitates no departure whatever from the chosen pursuits of my life—are threefold. Firstly, I have satisfied myself that it can involve no possible compromise of the credit and independence of literature. Secondly, I have long held the opinion, and have long acted on the opinion, that in these times whatever brings a public man and his public face to face, on terms of mutual confidence and respect, is a good thing. Thirdly, I have had a pretty large experience of the interest my hearers are so generous as to take in these occasions, and of the delight they give to me, as a tried means of strengthening those relations, I may almost say of personal friendship, which it is my great privilege and pride, as it is my great responsibility, to hold with a multitude of persons who will never hear my voice or see my face. Thus it is that I come, quite naturally, to be here among you at this time. And thus it is that I proceed to read this little book, quite as comradely as I might proceed to write it, or to publish it in any other way."

Verdi's "Traviata" has been produced at Her Majesty's Theatre to crowded houses and thunders of applause. Piccolomini, the charming cantatrice, is declared as personally angelic as the metaphoric courtier, while Giuglini was as usual brilliant and successful. That exquisite doct of "Fausto," a car was as aptly as ever.

A new season was inaugurated at the Crystal Palace on the 1st of May, which combined a concert with a horticultural show. Flowers and song! Miss Dolby was the chief singer of the fair sex, and Sims Reeves of the other. The attendance was large, and the success complete.

Mdlle. Titiens's triumph in Leonora—"Il Trovatore"—has been complete. Her commanding figure, impassioned acting, and excellent vocalisation all fitted her for the part. Alboni, as the gipsy, was excellent, as was Giuglini as Manrico. The Queen and Prince Consort were present. Mdlle. Titiens has been one of the greatest successes of modern times.

A German artist, Herr Gompertz, is exhibiting in the St. James's Hall a diorama of the Indian mutiny. The scene representing the Cawnpore massacre was too much for the audience, and loud hisses relieved their overwrought feelings. The whole concludes with the march of Sir Colin Campbell with the rescued women and children from Lucknow.

PARIS.

The Bonapartes are such "a bad set," that we never could understand the sympathy so many of our citizens and newspapers extend to them. Their hatred to the United States has never been concealed, and their disregard of all ties, divine and human, from Napoleon the Great to Napoleon the Little, a notorious. The behavior of the brothers Napoleon and Jerome to Miss Paterson would have driven any private gentleman out of society; and lately, when an opportunity came of doing justice to that lady, her son and grandson have received the cold shoulder from the nephew and the bigamist brother, for Jerome's second marriage was clearly illegal. The Paris papers announce that Mr. Bonaparte, eldest son of the Prince Jerome and Miss Paterson, is staying in Paris in obscurity. We do not think he showed any filial affection in making his wild-goose chase after such an unworthy father as the bigamist Jerome.

INGENIOUS CONSOLATION.

The French journals have made a grand discovery, which quite consoles them for the decline in the population of France, which is now less than it was ten years ago. This remarkable fact is no doubt owing to the unsettled state of their political system, their method of life, and the peculiar morality of their marriages. They maintain that the hardest and most enduring races increase the slowest, which cannot apply either way, since the French are not a hardy and enduring race, but a vivacious and sensitive one—and also that postulate is not true. Nor is the apparent coincidence of Ireland a case in point, since France has had no emigration of any consequence to drain her, nor a famine to decimate her. The causes are to be found in French politics and French morality.

TURKEY.

The great mistake of England was to save that detestable Mormon power from the grizzly bear of Muscovy. There will be no peace till the wretched opium smoking creatures, who bowstring women just as we New Yorkers swallow oysters, by the dozen, are driven out of Europe. The *Moniteur* of Thursday has the following important announcement: "Turkey now threatens to invade Montenegro. In order to avoid a conflict, the French Government has invited England to co-operate with it, and thus prevent hostilities. In consequence of this it has been decided to send commissioners from England and France to settle the difficulty." This does not look much like a difference of opinion in the *entente cordiale*.

RUSSIA.

An Imperial Stage Manager.

The *Cologne Gazette* (generally well informed) says that the Emperor of Russia has decided that theatres shall be established in the nineteen chief towns of the government of Great Russia, four in Little Russia, four in the Baltic Provinces, five in the kingdom of Kasan, three in the kingdom of Astrakhan, five in Southern Russia, eight in Western Russia, Finland and Siberia, and five in Poland, making a grand total of seventy-nine theatres! All these theatres are to receive grants of money from the Imperial Treasury. What a harvest for Bourecault, Stuart, Barnum, Ullmann and Bennett, saying nothing of such small fry as Phantom Clubs, Star Clubs and Half-Moon Clubs, and their adjuncts Locust Clubs.

LISBON.

British Diplomacy.

Talleyrand was certainly right when he said that Norman foresight was superior to French cunning—we have had just now an instance of tact worthy Machiavel. For many years England kept an imposing fleet in the Tagus, but on the breaking out of the Russian war it was withdrawn. It has long puzzled British statesmen how to regain their old station in the Tagus without rousing the jealousy of France and Russia. As Monte Christo says, "success is merely a wise patience," for the visit of the young Queen of Portugal to London has afforded the long cherished and panted for opportunity; we read in the *London Times*, that on the departure of the Queen of Portugal for Lisbon, the British Government sent a convoy of war steamers to escort her, consisting of the *Romana*, *Diadem*, *Caracas* and *Rancoon*, under the command of Admiral Chads. It will be some time ere they abandon their Tagus again.

PRUSSIA.

The Queen of Portugal.

The marriage of the King of Portugal, by proxy, to the Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern took place at Berlin on Thursday, 6th May. She is daughter of the Prince Carl Anton of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. She then paid a visit to Queen Victoria. The Princess Frederick William was present, and all the dignitaries of the Prussian court.

A Royal Idiot.

The King of Prussia remains in the same unhappy condition. It is gratifying to record traits of virtue in royal circles, and we therefore the more heartily mention the touching fidelity of the Queen to her idiotic husband. It seems improbable that his loss of reason is altogether owing to intemperance, although it is probable his indulgence in wine may have hastened the infirmity. We may, however, mention, as a medical fact, that a constant indulgence in large quantities of champagne is more injurious to the brain than spirits. It will be remembered that champagne was the King's favorite beverage.

CHINA.

Our Minister.

A succession of annoyances seem to be the fate of Mr. Reed's embassy to the flowery kingdom. The Mississippi had been ordered by him to proceed to Shanghai, but on arriving at the port, our steamer drew so much water that she was unable to enter. She consequently has gone to Woosung, a port four miles distant from where she is wanted.

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Fashions.

A new article for summer dresses has just made its appearance in Paris. It is called *toile cristalline*, and is composed of silk and wool. It is striped horizontally in two different colors—as lilac and white, green and white, or lilac and green. Dresses of *barège*, *gaze de soie* and pique are superseding moire and taffeta. A very fashionable kind of *gaze de soie* is that having a ground of pearl gray and flounces edged with mauve color, Chinese blue, or Azoff green.

Robes à quillies are in the highest degree fashionable; but the quillies, or longitudinal rows of trimming which ornament these robes, are no longer confined to each side. They are now placed all round the skirt, and are frequently confined to the second skirt only. The quillies should be formed of trimming of a perfectly flat kind, such as crossings of velvet or ribbon, or rows of lace set on without fullness. Neither ruffles nor quillies are suitable for the robe à quillies. These trimmings, when woven in the material of the dress, are extremely elegant. Some consist of rows of plaid, alternating with rows of the ground tint of the dress; others are formed of wreaths of flowers delicately shaded in natural hues.

The most elegant mantle we have seen is of the style called the *Neva*. It is of the shawl form, made of black silk, and is edged with a broad fringe surmounted by a fall of lace. Above the lace there is a second row of fringe and an open trellis-work of black velvet. The hood is trimmed with fringe and black lace. Instead of a bow, the fastening of the hood consists of two ends of silk, shaped in the form of painted wings, edged with lace and terminated by large tassels.

The next we most admire is called the *Mainfention*. It is made of black, rather high at the back and shoulders, and has a berthe, or cape, trimmed with three graduated rows of fringe, intermingled with jet. The mantle is trimmed at the back with three rows of fringe and a deep fall of lace. The ends are square, and are trimmed with lace, rows of black velvet and fringe.

If preferred, gaufrured ribbon, edged with narrow black lace, may be adopted as the trimming. For carriage dress some are composed of white glacé silk, trimmed accordingly.

We give our dinner dress, the robe of taffetas, a high, close-fitting corsege pointed in front, with a basque behind; small bishop sleeves, fastened at the wrist with a band, tight at top, finished with a "mancheron," which, as is also the band, is always of a different color to the robe. The corsege has a row of steel studs down the front, a double skirt, the upper one adorned with pyramids, finished with pendant steel studs.

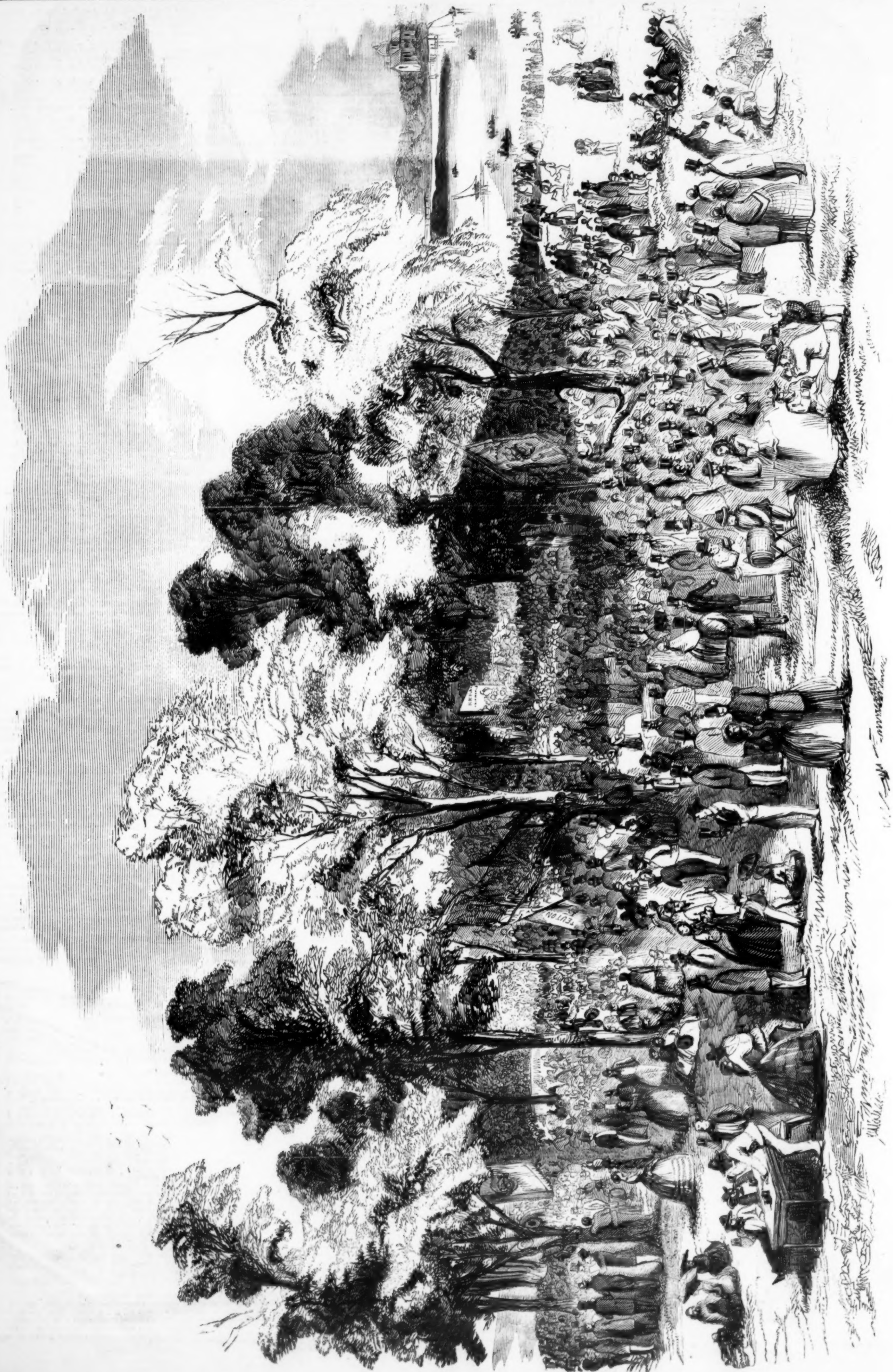
Bonnets are now made larger. The new shapes are a great improvement on those recently worn: the crown fits the head; it descends lower on the neck at the back; and is altogether larger. A most elegant carriage bonnet, we observed, was composed of pale-cream *poule de soie*; on the left side of the crown was placed a large bow of plaid ribbon, trimmed with fringe; in the cap a half wreath of pink daisies. We must also mention a very pretty bouquet of green crape, trimmed with a fringed bow, mauve and white, the front much pointed—so much so as to bend over the forehead.

Fancy bonnets will undoubtedly be much in vogue this summer. For those who desire a more durable bonnet, Leghorn or light-colored silk, drawn in very small running, with a fancheon of white or black lace, the ends of which are rounded and left to flow loosely at each side, like lappets.

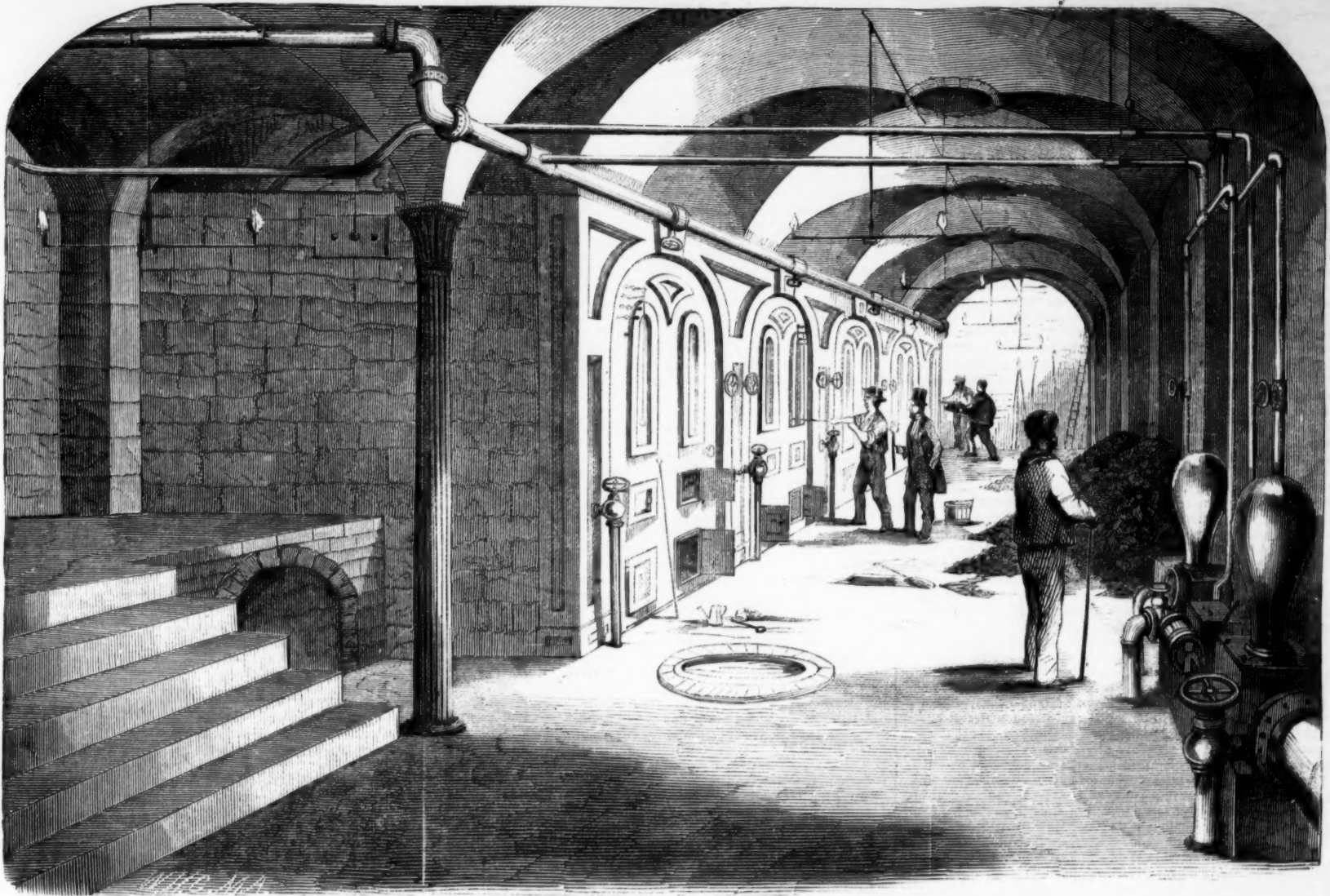
The former trimmed with apple blossom intermingled with black lace is much admired.

Two Queens' Ball Dresses.

At a state ball given by Queen Victoria, a few weeks since, to a party of about 1,000, she wore a dress of white silk with several skirts of blue tulle, trimmed with wreaths of lilies of the valley and narcissus, ornamented with diamonds. Her Majesty's head-dress was formed of lilies of the valley and narcissus, with diamonds to correspond. The Queen of Portugal wore a dress of white tulle over white silk, trimmed with wreaths of red roses and green leaves. Her Majesty wore round her head a garland of roses, with diamond ornaments. Her Most Faithful Majesty wore the Portuguese Order of St. Isabel, and also the Insignia of a Second Order of Knighthood.



THE PFINGST-MONTAG FESTIVAL AT CONRAD'S PARK, YORKVILLE, N. Y., ON WHIT-MONDAY MAY 24, 1858.



BASEMENT OF THE HOUSES OF CONGRESS, SHOWING THE EXTENSIVE HEATING APPARATUS FOR WARMING THE BUILDING.

THE PFINGST-MONTAG FESTIVAL.

THE usual May festivals were celebrated on Whit-Monday, 24th ult., by delighted thousands of our German fellow-citizens. Brooklyn and Yorkville were the scenes of the principal gatherings, and our large engraving on page 4 presents a vivid picture of the innocent diversions of the multitudes assembled at the latter place. Although a day of most obstinate wetness, Whit-Monday nevertheless brought thousands of visitors to Conrad's Gardens, between Second avenue and the East River, Yorkville, besides the regular singing and gymnastic associations. The garden is too well known to need description, and its large extent, the admirable view obtained from it of Randall's Island, Blackwell's, and the Long Island shore, with their vernal scenery fringing the opposite bank of the broad East River, and the extensive accommodations for similar assemblages, mark it out as pre-eminently adapted to such a use. A feature in this festival which has our especial approbation is the presence of ladies throughout the day. The German does not disdain to allow the females of his family to share his out-of-door enjoyments, and as a consequence avoids all the coarseness, violence and brutality which would probably characterize similar gatherings of other classes of our citizens. The humanizing influence of woman is everywhere felt in German life, and their happy faces at Yorkville, their gay dresses glancing in and out among the trees, which were decked, in many cases, with heavy crops of brilliant bonnets and scarfs, and the sound of their happy voices amid the varied sounds of the assemblage, bore no small part in the general hilarity. Refreshments, including of course lager beer, were for sale on the grounds, and all, from the singers, rendered thirsty by their vocal efforts, to the turners, whose marvellous gymnastic performances were, of course, a prominent feature of the day, returned again and again to luxurious draughts of the nut-brown liquor. Many of the visitors were of the highest respectability. About five o'clock Mayor Tiemann was announced as present, when considerable excitement ensued, and he was prevailed upon to address the assemblage. After partaking of some refreshments served up in genuine German style, the Mayor complimented, in a few well-turned sentences, the orderly festivities, expressing a hope that they may be annually renewed "until the end of time." Superintendent Tallmadge had also a few words to say, and the celebration came to an end, as all celebrations must, but with the advantage of having escaped every unpleasantness, barring that of the weather. A few pickpockets, none of them Germans, were arrested during the day and taken care of by the police. The following singing clubs were present, besides from twenty-five to thirty thousand visitors: Colonia, Euphonia, Germania, Freier Männerchor, Rheinischer Sängerbund, Social Reform Gesangverein, Schillerbund, Lorlei Gesangverein, Eintracht, Lorlei Männerchor, Liederkrantz, Mozartverein, Sängerrunde, Uhlantbund, Teutonia Männerchor, Harmonia.



BALUSTRADE OF THE STAIRCASE IN THE NEW EXTENSION BUILDING OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.



ORNAMENTED RAILING IN THE NEW EXTENSION BUILDING OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

The ventilating apparatus, in another apartment, consists of an enormous fan-wheel, the revolutions of which will create a powerful current of air, that will permeate, it is expected, the entire wing.

Railings and Balustrades in the Corridors of the Capitol.

The massive yet elegant iron railings and balustrades are respectively of the styles illustrated in our engravings. Here again the emblematic stars appear, but the principal design is a succession of standing or sitting infants, archly looking out from a rich foliage of scrollwork.

Chairs and Desks in the Hall of Representatives.

Our legislators are supplied with most luxurious accommodations. Each member is now furnished with a separate desk and chair, of both of which we annex representations. The woodwork is elaborately ornamented, and both chair and desk are surmounted with the shield of the United States, while stars are prominently sculptured on the sides and front. The back and seats of the chairs are of red morocco, while the desks are covered with black velvet. Thus luxuriously situated, the assembled wisdom of the nation can legislate for the public good in ease and comfort; can attend to private correspondence, and even indulge in a quiet and innocent sleep amidst the hottest argument.



MEMBER'S CHAIR IN THE NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES IN THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

HEATING APPARATUS FOR THE HOUSES OF CONGRESS.

THE portion of the basement devoted to caloric arrangements might easily be mistaken for the engine-room of a steamer. Four enormous furnaces are provided for the heating of water, which is pumped from below by two steam engines—seen on the right of our sketch—and an intricate system of iron pipes will distribute the steam in winter to every corner of the building.



MEMBER'S DESK IN THE NEW HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES IN THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.

THE DEAD LADY'S RING.

PART II.—EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

At last she continued: "These are merely given to you as instances of what, in other times, we have been able to effect. Our annals are full of such. And I need not tell you how many isolated cases there must necessarily have been, the records of which have never been preserved. Those gloomy days have rapidly passed away. It no longer forms part of our duty to rescue the innocent from the blind fury of mobs, or legal tribunals. But other and equally important duties remain to be performed. By combined action to assert the privileges of our sex—to taste the sweets of a power all the more influential because its springs are unseen, and its sources unsuspected—to promote the objects of our favor—very often to upset the most cunningly devised schemes of men, our masters—with these and a variety of other objects you will become more particularly acquainted after your full initiation. We have, as you know, members in the palace, members in the houses of great statesmen, great lawyers, great doctors, as well as in the workshop and the hovel. Our hands may be traced in treaties which are supposed to be the happy creations of diplomatists alone; in provisions of laws which are believed to have sprung from the brains of their proposer in the Chambers. How many a man now on a high pinnacle would be surprised to learn that his elevation is due to us, and us alone! Sister Léonie, take the case of your own husband."

"Sixteen years ago he landed in France, poor, almost penniless; no one knew then, nor does any one know at this moment, what was his origin. But he bore on his person that which entitled him to, nay, which rendered obligatory, the assistance of every member of our society with whom he might happen to come in contact. This, a ring, or other jewel, engraved with our mystic symbols, can never be conferred except upon rare occasions, and by the unanimous vote of a lodge upon an individual who, of course unknowingly, has rendered some great and not-to-be-forgotten service to the sisterhood. It is generally conveyed to him in such a way—as, for example in the form of a present from a client, or patient, or other person indebted to him—that he never suspects it to differ in any respect from another bauble. But, from that moment, thanks to us, his success in life is certain so long as he continues to wear it. By calling to mind, sister Léonie, the manner in which we have pushed your husband, Doctor Longjumeau, you will form some idea of the power and resources of our association."

"On all these and many other points, you will, however, receive fuller information at a future time. It now remains for me to remind you that you have but one more enforced attendance here—that of next Saturday, when you will be made acquainted with the cipher by which a greater part of our deliberations are carried on. This will not absolve you from a weekly attendance here, whenever it is in your power to come, without exciting the suspicions of your husband or household. Our rules do not compel personal attendance, only for the reason that such a scheme would be impracticable, and by calling attention to the movements of our individual members would run the risk of revealing our existence to the world."

"To complete the ceremonies of to-day, we shall now demand of you the last and most terrible oath which the forms of this lodge require of a past apprentice. Guardians, lead the way!"

As she pronounced these words, she rose from her chair, and there was an evident movement on the part of the assistants in the body of the building. The chandelier was instantly lowered from the ceiling and the candles extinguished. The only remaining light was that thrown from two torches, one of which was carried by each of the women who had borne a naked sword, and who were apparently addressed as the "guardians." The doctor could see that they were moving in his direction, and that to remain where he was, was to render detection inevitable. Restored to his presence of mind by this consideration, he crawled a few feet along the floor, and so down the ladder to the passage below. Here all was darkness, but he knew that he had simply to make his way straight to the end in order to find himself at the bottom of the secret staircase. His only fear was lest the woman whom he had before passed should by this time be awake and attempt to bar his progress or give the alarm. This fear turned out to be not altogether groundless, for he distinctly heard the rustling of her dress, and paused for a moment uncertain what to do. Happily he was relieved by hearing her exclaim, "Sister Forerunner, the Tiler wakes, ready to give notice of all intruders! Peace and security, the salutations of the day!" She evidently took him for one of the sisterhood, and he accordingly passed on unmolested. A few more steps brought him to the foot of the staircase just as, turning round, he perceived the lights of the torches shining at the further end of the passage. He hurried up without taking breath until he reached the door at the top, which he found half open, just as he had left it. Closing it gently behind him, the doctor stood for an instant on the landing to collect his scattered thoughts and to consider what were best to be done.

His curiosity upon one principal point, so far from being satisfied, had only been irritated by what he had just witnessed into still greater activity. His youthful adventure, his visit to a dead patient—these were mysteries as yet unexplained and about which he longed to hear more. But how was this to be accomplished? No possible place of concealment presented itself to his eyes. His further stay in the house might be fraught with danger. Of what might not these women be capable towards one whom they knew to have penetrated their secret? Would not a suspicion of his wife's fidelity to the association involve her together with himself? These considerations clustering together in his mind far more quickly than they can be reproduced in the telling, determined him to leave the house with all the speed possible. His foot was already on the first step of the principal staircase, when he was surprised at hearing the sound of voices on the landing below. The exit in that direction was now evidently guarded and there were watchers to intercept his passage. At the same moment the noise of feet on the secret staircase reached his ears. Those behind him were approaching; a few more seconds and the light of their torches would be thrown full upon his face. With the mere impulse of deferring as long as possible a detection which was now inevitable, Doctor Longjumeau strode into the corridor facing him and thence on to the room with which it communicated. Already the secret door creaked on its hinges, when, yielding to the instinct of the moment, he raised the red curtain and crept behind it for concealment. The curtain fell back in its usual position, and he stood there in the darkness side by side with what he could not see but felt to be still there—side by side with the skeleton of the murdered lady draped in her winding-sheet.

He could hear that the room was gradually filling, no doubt with the same persons of whose rites he had been a witness below. The light of the torches was visible through the texture of the curtain, like two eyes of fire that had already spied him out. The same voice which he had heard before was again raised, and this time the deep vibrating tones—like a protracted echo which had lingered about the spot for five and twenty years—could leave no doubt on his mind as to the identity of the speaker.

"Sister Léonie," she said, "before submitting you to the last and most solemn oath that our forms require of a past apprentice, I have something to say to you of its origin, by way of showing you the awful character of the obligation which it involves."

"I have told you that our secret has once, and only once, to our knowledge, been revealed. The culprit was young, like you—like you, but newly married. She betrayed our secret to her husband; she said it was in her sleep. No matter how it was done; our secret was betrayed. The day after this intelligence had by a singular chance been conveyed to us, Amédée Dutreux was brought to the home of his young wife mortally wounded in a duel. His opponent was the husband of one of our members. On this head I need not add another word."

"He was the last of his race, with the exception of an aged grandfather residing in Alsace. All her relations had either died or were

submerged in the tide of popular fury which at that time swept over France. When, therefore, on the day following her husband's funeral, her mind gave way, and she uttered things strange and incomprehensible to those around her, it did not excite surprise that some personal friends should seek and remove her, for the purpose of being cared for."

"She remained here three months. God bears witness how often the members of our lodge consulted together, with feelings of the deepest anxiety, on the course to be pursued. To release her in her then state, with our secret ever ready to free itself from her lips, amid the wild utterings of her madness, was clearly impossible. We were not then, as now, the sole occupants of this house, but had thought it prudent, on various accounts, to suffer the lower stories to be tenanted, chiefly by persons of a humble condition. Some of these, we had reason to believe, had conceived certain suspicions of us. The attention of the police might at any time be directed against us, the house minutely searched, our prisoner be discovered, and by her means the whole of our mysteries be published to the world."

"I tell you all this to show you how, only after painful deliberation, we consented to an idea at variance with the spirit of our society. On one side was a single life, useless henceforth to her who bore it; on the other, the existence of our association menaced, and all the good that we were accomplishing suddenly checked. She died. But our difficulties were not over. It was necessary to procure the means of interring the body. The persons underneath, who had seen the mad woman brought to the house, would be naturally surprised at her disappearance. It is not essential that I should relate to you the means by which our end was accomplished. Suffice it, that we were lucky enough to find a young doctor already on the point of being arrested as suspect. He examined the body, and gave us the certificate necessary, among other forms, to its burial. That same night he slept in the Conciergerie! Our underground influence with certain chiefs of the period was exerted to procure him a separate confinement, so that whatever suspicions he might have conceived could never be revealed. By the same means we caused him to be directed for trial upon Strasburg, the scene of his supposed crimes against the people. He perished there; and none save the sisters of our lodge know, at this hour, of the terrible necessity which once goaded us on to take the life of a false sister!"

"Léonie, upon the remains of that one false sister—by what means recovered it is not now essential to inform you—upon these remains, hidden behind yonder curtain, but about to be revealed to you, you are required to take the last and most solemn oath demanded of a past apprentice. Guardians, raise the veil that hides the shrine of the Imprecation!"

All this time Doctor Longjumeau had been drinking in, with an ardent desire to be imagined, the words which fell from the speaker's lips. Yet his curiosity had not so entirely absorbed him as to cause him to lose sight of the disagreeable fact that the moment of his detection was drawing nearer and nearer. That moment appeared to be at hand, and he was preparing to stand forth with all the confidence possible to the eyes whom his presence would assuredly strike with no ordinary astonishment, when suddenly he was conscious of a strange movement on the part of the persons on the opposite side of the curtain. They whispered together hurriedly for a few moments, then the lights were extinguished; finally he could hear them moving rapidly out of the room. The creaking of the secret door caught his ear, then the sound of footsteps on the hidden staircase, the door was shut again, and he heard nothing further. He was once more alone in the room, standing in the darkness behind the curtain, beside the skeleton wrapped in the winding sheet.

It was not till some minutes had elapsed, that he ventured to lift the curtain and to issue from his place of concealment. He had no sooner done this than a noise behind him, like the opening and shutting of a trapdoor, caused him to look round. He raised the curtain again. The skeleton had disappeared! Evidently some alarm had been given which had caused the meeting to disperse just at the nick of time to prevent his discovery.

He crept softly down the main staircase, listening for any sound which might induce him to retrace his steps, but hearing nothing. In this manner he gained the passage on the ground floor leading to the courtyard, and was about to set his foot in the courtyard itself, when a strong arm was laid on his shoulder, and he heard the words, "Arretez au nom de la loi!"

Half a dozen men surrounded him. They were dressed in plain clothes, but it was impossible to mistake their calling, or to doubt for an instant that they were agents of police. One of them addressing him who appeared to be the chief, exclaimed,

"This is the person whom we saw going into the house half an hour ago."

The chief approached and looked his prisoner close in the face. "Dr. Longjumeau, his Majesty's physician?" he exclaimed. "Impossible. There must be some mystification here, which the doctor will explain."

"The fact is, monsieur le commissaire," returned the doctor, luckily retaining his presence of mind, "there is a mystification. Yes, that is the word. I received, two hours ago, a letter, calling on me to attend a case admitting of no delay, at this address, and on coming here, I find an empty house. For the last half hour I have been roaming about, from room to room, trying to find some inmate, but have not succeeded."

"I also," returned the commissaire, "have received this letter, calling attention to mysterious noises, and lights seen in this old tumble-down house, and pointing out the probability of its being a den of malefactors. A hoax has been played off on us. And yet, your summons here tallies, it may be, with our information. You were perhaps sent for, doctor, for the purpose of being robbed or murdered. We must place the house under surveillance."

"The same writing," cried the doctor, after a rapid glance at the crumpled paper. "The same handwriting to a shade. Stay! I see it all now. You remember the persons whom I prosecuted some years ago for assertions affecting my character; for example, that I roamed about in the lowest quarters of Paris, visiting dens of infamy. This stroke evidently comes from the same source. They bring me here by a fictitious pretext, and you at the same time with your officers, on a different errand. If, by a happy chance, you did not know me, I am, of course, arrested, on suspicion of forming part of a band of malefactors, and though released, to be sure, the following day, from a charge so ridiculous in my case, become the laughing-stock of all Paris. You see the plan?"

"I see it all now," replied the commissaire, laughing, "and that it will be needless to trouble ourselves further about the matter."

"As the reputation of one of his Majesty's physicians is a matter of some consequence," said the doctor, drawing the police agent aside, "perhaps you will be so good as to keep this matter quiet for the present, until we can make sure of the perpetrators, so as to bring them before the police correctionnelle."

"Make your mind easy," returned the commissaire, lifting his hat, by way of salutation; "the police knows too well its duties to indulge in titillating. And as for the perpetrators, leave them to our well-known acuteness and penetration! Good night, monsieur le docteur!"

Some months after this eventful night, the world of fashion learnt, with surprise, that Doctor Longjumeau, the popular physician, meditated giving up his practice and retiring into private life. But still greater was the astonishment when the tidings got bruited about that the doctor actually purposed quitting France, and settling for life in the neighborhood of Florence. "Society" pointed its finger significantly to its forehead, at the idea of a Parisian deeming existence possible beyond the barriers of his own city; which are, at the same time, as every one knows, the limits of human civilization. The excuse given by the voluntary exile in this case, viz., that his health required the change, seemed scarcely borne out by his robust appearance. There must be some secret causes for his de-

parture, and it is unnecessary to say how many of these were related in the strictest confidence, and upon the most unimpeachable testimony, to the world at large. Then his wife! Would she be brought to renounce the capital of the Universe, and its pleasures, for a residence in a distant land—admirable, indeed, for its monuments of the past, but offering nothing in the shape of the present, to be compared with the aspect of the Boulevard and the Palais Royal? To the general amazement, Madame Longjumeau not only yielded an assent to her husband's proposal, but entered into it with the greatest alacrity. Her sorrowing friends felt, after a time, the uselessness of preaching up domestic rebellion. They saw the preparations for departure gradually completing, the apartments let, the furniture sold off, the mother-in-law's permanent abode at St. Cloud fixed, by a judicious gift of the cottage; and, at last, the new travelling carriage, waiting only for the four dapple-greys to be harnessed to it on the morrow. On the night previous to his voyage the doctor gave his last supper party, on a grand scale, at a hotel near his former house, at which there was much outward mirth and internal sadness, and toasts of eternal remembrance were given on all sides, some few of which were not broken as soon as the glasses in which they were drunk. "Bah!" said every one to himself next day, "we shall see them back again in the course of a year!"

Meanwhile, Doctor and Madame Longjumeau, seated behind the four dapple-greys, watched, not without a feeling of melancholy, the dear walls and towers of Paris fading from their view; but their melancholy was tempered by a sense of their mutual affection, and by certain other considerations, which both of them appeared to feel without alluding to. The doctor at last broke the silence.

"You see, dearest Léonie, it was inevitable. We shall soon be accustomed to our new abode, and our best friends will, from time to time, be our visitors. Short of leaving the country, there was no possible means of freeing you from your connection with that dreadful society. I use the word 'dreadful,' because every society must be such, whatever be its supposed aims, in which women are enrolled without the knowledge of their husbands, and to carry out intrigues which are to remain a secret to those from whom they are bound to have no secrets. I doubt, for instance, whether your society has not done a great deal more harm than the good which it boasts about. You remember, by the way, that you have not yet told me by what means you originally became connected with it?"

"Through the Duchesse de Guéméné. She, no doubt, thought me a discreet person, who might be relied upon. I was led on from one thing to another, till at last I was induced to give a promise which I regretted immediately afterwards, but could not retract. But you—you have not yet told me how you became acquainted with our existence?"

Her husband mused for a few moments. "Ah!" said he, "doctors may have, must have secrets which they are bound to preserve. However, there is nothing mysterious about the matter, depend on it, and some day I will tell it to you. Meanwhile," he added, to turn off the conversation from a point which he saw reason to avoid, "this ring—the dead lady's ring! What shall I do with it? Throw it away, to be picked up by the first peasant, and convert him, maybe, into a second Napoleon?"

Léonie stopped her husband's hand. "Keep it, dearest," she said, "keep it for an heirloom. Some day, too," she added, "we may try its effects on—"

"On whom?" asked the doctor.

"Ah! women, too, have their secrets, monsieur, which they are bound to preserve. However, as I don't think this one of them—"

She leaned over and whispered something in his ear. He clasped his wife in his arms and embraced her again and again. "This, that I thought one of the saddest, is, in reality, the happiest day in my life!" he exclaimed, and henceforth the towers of Paris grew smaller and smaller, and the cloud of smoke on the horizon, which represented the great city, dwindled into a speck and then entirely melted away, without the doctor's once turning round to note the change, or to release the little hand that lay fondly, securely, faithfully reposing in his own.

THE END.

THE SKELETON PAPERS.

All have—nay, reader, do not start!—
A Blue Beard chamber in the heart!

CHAPTER I.—THE WIFE'S DRESSING-ROOM.

On the road from the little city of Hudson to South Bergen there is, about midway on the right hand, a pathway through a forest leading to an old-fashioned house, which is built within fifty paces of Newark Bay. It has of late years settled down into a country tavern, but the relics of its former importance are still dimly visible in the elaborate carvings on the balusters and fire-places. A small portion of the original building now remains, the rest being destroyed by fire some sixty years ago.

When the Revolutionary war closed, it was in the possession of Colonel Lemesurier, a man of considerable property, who having just married a young and beautiful girl, about half his own age, to whom he was passionately attached, had taken a lease of this quiet retreat, that he might, as it were, isolate his vivacious bride from some of those more youthful admirers, who hang about women as flies round honey, or, more properly speaking, perhaps, like vultures hovering round their prey.

Agnes Pemberton was the daughter of a Trenton clergyman, and had been brought up with that excessive rigor which almost invariably overshoots its mark. She had met, while on a visit to Mrs. Prevost, that most dangerous man, Aaron Burr, and had been lured by him into a correspondence, which, without corrupting her morals, had decidedly loosened her principles from those grim restraints which had been so elaborately placed around her. Her heart, however, still retained its native purity; her manners alone were affected.

She had married Colonel Lemesurier for several reasons; among them were his wealth, polished manners, handsome figure and intellectuality. At first she had rather liked his being twenty years older than herself, it made her all the more look up to him for advice and protection. She said, in a letter to Mrs. Prevost, a few days before her wedding, "that she had an antipathy to very young men—they were too much engrossed with powdering their wigs and arranging their queues. These follies, however, they outgrew at forty, when they had leisure to court their wives as much after marriage as before."

All this is very true, but ten years make an awful difference in this disproportion, which the lively wife of Colonel Lemesurier found to her cost. Her husband, when he resigned his commission after the termination of that great struggle, the Revolutionary war, married, resolving to divide his life between his wife and his books. Having an ample fortune, he proposed to enjoy it in quiet. Once a year he passed a few weeks in Trenton with some old compatriots, and then visited Princeton to see a nephew who was receiving his education there. Owing to an unfortunate adventure in New York fifteen years previous to his marriage, in which a beautiful girl he was courting was drowned in the creek where Minetta street now stands, he had an invincible repugnance to crossing the Hudson. His whole life was therefore spent in the State of New Jersey. Whether this narrowed his intellect or soured his temper, cannot be ascertained, but certainly with every year came an additional moroseness and violence of temper. These fits, however, soon passed off, and it is matter of tradition that some of his negroes used cunningly to get in his way when he had his fit on him, since he always made amends by an equally unreasoning liberality to those whom he had abused in these aberrations of reason.

His greatest annoyance was their childlessness. Having been married ten years without one, he resigned himself to the fate of leaving everything to his nephew.

It must be confessed that, however these fits of violence affected others, he never suffered them to extend to his wife. With a wisdom

not often found in vivacious natures, she carefully avoided the slightest discussion or opposition, and by her gaiety soothed his morbid temper. With all his generosity, the colonel was of a very suspicious nature; and although he had the utmost confidence in his wife, she was in perpetual dread of arousing his jealousy. At a ball, only a year after her marriage, she had deeply mortified him by dancing with a young English nobleman, which had so openly drawn forth his displeasure as nearly to involve himself in a duel with the innocent cause of his anger. Like all men much older than their wives, he was constantly drawing unpleasant comparisons, and, being more logical than philosophical, put the case as how he should feel towards a wife double his own age. Every one conversant with human nature knows these parallels don't hold good.

This absurd feeling had always induced him never to let his wife ride out on horseback without he accompanied her, and her solitary rambles on foot were limited to their own grounds.

They were riding one day when something stung her horse; the maddened animal darted off with Mrs. Lemesurier at a furious gallop; her husband put spurs to his horse and followed her, calling out to hold fast till he overtook her. This, however, was quite impossible, the animal was fast nearing the edge of the rocks which overhang the beach, when a gentleman, who was standing near the spot, suddenly saw the danger of the lady's situation. With a perfect scorn of his own life, he dashed forward as the horse came near, grasped the bridle, and, telling the lady to throw herself off, he, with the most desperate courage and exertion of strength, flung his arm around the horse's neck, struggled with the beast, and had just time to see the fair rider was safe on the ground, when, unable to extricate himself, he rolled with the horse over the towering heights.

The next minute the colonel rode up to find his wife uninjured, but her preserver lying as though dead on the beach below.

As Colonel Lemesurier had beheld all that had occurred, his admiration of the stranger's heroism was unbounded; and when he saw his wife throw herself off, and the other take her place, he cried, "The act of a hero, by Heaven!"

"After tying his horse to a tree, and requesting his wife to rest on the grass for a few minutes, he descended to where the horse and its victim laid on the beach. The horse was dead, but to his delight the heart of the gallant saviour of his wife had not ceased to beat. The full of the horse over the precipice had been also seen by some fishermen at a short distance. They immediately pulled towards the shore, and came at the very minute when Lemesurier was in the utmost perplexity as to the means of conveying the injured man to his house.

The ingenuity of the fishermen at once supplied them; a small boat aground on the beach was brought, and the unconscious stranger carefully put into it; this was raised with much toil to the summit, and in a short time the party arrived at the colonel's house. A medical man had been summoned on their route, who, after ordering the sufferer to be undressed and placed in bed, declared, upon a minute examination, that although only his left arm was broken, and his brow gashed, yet there were doubtless such severe internal injuries as precluded his recovery; indeed, he questioned if he would ever regain his consciousness.

Restoratives were then administered, and after an hour's anxious watching, the gallant hero of the morning's exploit opened his eyes, and by degrees recovered his senses. The fractured bone being set, an anodyne was given, and the doctor, having left directions that he was to be kept perfectly quiet, took his departure.

Next day the stranger informed the colonel that he was a Virginian, and telling him his name, begged he would write to his mother with as cheering an account as possible. So weak, however, was the brave youth, that he sank exhausted with even that slight exertion.

Colonel Lemesurier, although a moody and suspicious man, was eminently a chivalrous one. In proportion as he hated meanness, he loved courage, unselfishness and heroism. His admiration of young Floyd therefore knew no bounds, and he actually contemplated dividing between him and his nephew, on his own and his wife's death, his noble fortune.

Knowing her husband's extreme morbidness, Mrs. Lemesurier, although deeply and indeed romantically impressed with her preserver's merit, never once offered to visit his room—contenting herself by sending her kind wishes and thanks by her husband. But his devotion had stirred her woman's heart to its profoundest depths; indeed she had over-estimated the service, by attributing what was merely the act of a noble impulse to the personal devotion of a lover, which deserved an equally emphatic acknowledgment. In a word, before she had really seen his face, in a state of consciousness, or heard his voice, except in the hurried tones of despair, "Throw yourself off, and save yourself," her soul had opened to receive the full image of her preserver, and had closed clasping it as her idol for ever.

On the third day Colonel Lemesurier was suddenly called to Quebec, in Canada, to receive the dying embrace of his only sister. Bidding his guest good-bye, and taking an affectionate leave of his wife, he immediately set off on his journey. In those days a trip to Canada occupied considerable time. As the colonel rode down the avenue on his way to the ferry at Paulus Hook, a foreboding fell upon him, so deep that he twice turned back, resolving to send a messenger explaining his absence; but a stern sense of duty urged him on, and crushing his jealous doubts with a strong effort of will, he rode manfully to the ferry. We will leave him on his way to Canada, and return to the chivalrous Virginian and the rescued lady.

Had Caspar Floyd been less handsome than he was—had he done the susceptible and too grateful woman a less service, she was still altogether his own. Ten long years of suppressed hopes, fears, wishes and yearnings had now found their natural vent, and her husband had not left the house an hour ere she sent her maid Lucille, a French girl, to tell her preserver that she was coming in person, at last, to thank him for her life.

Caspar, in the hurried glance of their first meeting, had received an impression of her beauty as we receive a flash of lightning, which for the time blinds, but leaves behind a powerful impression of brightness and fire. So with Floyd; he had, in the almost supernatural excitement of that eventful moment, received at one wild glance a vision of such perfect loveliness, that he hardly knew if it were a dream or a reality.

Caspar was not only handsome; he in addition possessed those winning manners which, joined to a kind of *spirituelle abandon*, are so gratifying to a woman of refined taste. Ere they had conversed for an hour, they were mutually and fatally fascinated.

The injuries sustained by Caspar were by no means so great as the accident would seem to involve, and in three days after the colonel's departure, the young Virginian was able to walk in the beautiful grounds that surrounded the mansion.

To one so studiously kept apart from the world as Agnes had been, the companionship of Caspar Floyd was a new revelation to her soul. She felt how totally different were the sentiments created by her husband and those by her lover. One was a routine—the other an inspiration.

It is needless to record their gradual descent to crime. Caspar told Agnes he loved her, and she gave him all that woman can give, "although it not enriches him, but makes her poor indeed."

They were aroused from their guilty dream by a letter from her husband, announcing his sister's death, and his positive return immediately after the funeral.

The full sense of their perilous position came over them. The vigilance of Colonel Lemesurier would render their interviews impossible, and to part now seemed worse than death. There was also another motive in the dread they both felt of being either discovered or betrayed, for the secret was known to Lucille, and consequently Agnes would ever be at the mercy of an impulsive, vindictive woman, whose nature was also very loquacious.

It was therefore decided that Caspar, who was now perfectly re-

covered, should depart before the colonel's return, leaving a note thanking him for his hospitality; and as that would naturally disarm all suspicion, she was to seize the opportunity of his annual visit to Princeton, to feign sickness, to avoid accompanying her husband, and that she should on his departure fly to her lover in Philadelphia.

On the very morning of the day the colonel was expected, Caspar Floyd, leaving a letter of acknowledgment to his host, bade adieu to Agnes. So infatuated was the guilty wife, that her eyes were red and swollen with weeping, when the approach of her husband was announced. Instead of advancing to the porch to meet him, she hastily retired to her dressing-room to regain her composure. She was bathing her eyes when she heard his step in the hall—

"Where's my wife?" burst from his lips, and in another minute her door opened, and Colonel Lemesurier, half annoyed and half perplexed, entered the room.

Throwing herself into his arms, she wept.

"What ails you, dear Agnes?" he inquired, tenderly.

"Nothing," she exclaimed, "only I am not well; but since you have come, I shall be better!"

Her conduct was so unlike herself, that a cold shade of an undeliverable feeling fell on him.

"You have been weeping? What at? My expected coming?"

"Do not, for Heaven's sake, be cruel!" cried the guilty woman. "I am faint—let me sit!"

He led her to a couch, and having assisted her to recline on it, sat by her side.

"Upon my word, Agnes, I don't understand this weeping and agitation! Did you get my letter?"

"What letter?"

"Why, that announcing Margaret's death, and my return."

"No—yes—of course I did!" said the embarrassed woman.

"How is Mr. Floyd?" inquired her husband, more and more mystified.

"He has left for home!"

"When?" asked the colonel, in amazement.

"Yesterday," said his wife, the color mounting to her brow, and coloring her with crimson.

"Strange," muttered he. "Was he aware I was expected to-day?"

"No," replied his wife; "how should he?"

"How should he?" re-echoed her husband, in utter astonishment. "Did you not tell him?"

"What opportunity had I of telling him? I knew your objection to my conversing with any gentleman excepting yourself, and I respected your fancy, humiliating to me as it undoubtedly is!"

"This is a very different affair," replied her husband. "Mr. Floyd was no butterfly, gadding after women; he was a true gentleman; he risked his life in saving yours. I was an eye-witness of his heroism. I must write to him, and arrange when we can meet. I would go a hundred miles any day to thank him."

The colonel paused. Despite all he said, he was delighted, and relieved that his wife had respected his wishes so far as to commit an ingratitude and a rudeness, rather than violate his well-known wishes. With that half-hypocrisy so common to proud natures, he said,

"You don't seem, my dear wife, to understand the distinction I make between a mere top, who could immolate a lady's reputation to his vanity, and the hero, who would give his life to save either the life or the reputation of a lady! Now, Mr. Floyd is a true hero, to whom your utmost attention was due—and yet you have coldly suffered him to leave, I dare say, without one word of thanks, out of a literal obedience to my well-known maxim, that when a man marries a wife, it is not for the sole purpose of allowing her to flirt with all the fools around her!"

They descended to dinner, the colonel secretly congratulating himself that he had at last trained his wife in the way she should go. Visiting the stables next morning he told his groom to get the pony carriage ready, as he wished to drive Mrs. Lemesurier to Newark. To his surprise he was informed that the carriage was broken in taking Mr. Floyd to Newark yesterday.

"Yesterday? you mean the day before?" said the colonel.

"No, sir; Mr. Floyd went yesterday about a couple of hours before you arrived."

"You are wrong, Ralph," petulantly replied his master.

The man said, "You can ask Mrs. Lemesurier, for she drove him there."

"Indeed," said the colonel, as he turned towards the shrubbery. "Strange," thought he, "that my wife should make such a mistake. There is something in all this that I do not like."

Sitting down on a rustic bench he revolved in his mind the singularities of his wife's manner, the remarkable fact of her suppressing having escorted Floyd to the ferry, her avoiding him by retiring to her dressing-room on his return the day before, her swollen eyes and evident agitation. What raised his suspicion the most was the false statement she had made respecting their guest's departure, which being only a few hours previous to his own arrival, could not be a mistake. Seeing Lucille coming from the green-house with some grapes he called her, and inquired when Mr. Floyd left. Her account tallied with his wife's. A weight was lifted from his heart. Smiling at Lucille he told her to take the fruit to her mistress, and then walked to the Vicarage, saying, "Ralph was always a blunderer."

He was turning into the forest lane when he met an old friend and his wife, whose grounds joined his own. After interchanging their usual greetings the lady said, "Why, colonel, I cannot think what you mean by letting two days pass without coming to see us."

"I only returned yesterday afternoon," said Colonel Lemesurier, "and now it is scarce noon."

"That won't do," cried the vivacious lady, "I saw you the day before yesterday, in the dusk of evening, walking with Mrs. Lemesurier in the paddock."

"You are wrong, my dear madam," said the colonel.

"But I'm not wrong, for I called Mr. Gregory's attention to your loverlike ways, walking with your arm round your wife's waist, as though you had only been married a week instead of ten years."

"You're found out," said Mr. Gregory, laughing. "My wife and I caught you in the very act of making love to your own wife. I wonder, colonel, that you and Mrs. Lemesurier are not ashamed of yourselves. I was half inclined to tell your good lady so yesterday, when we met her driving from Newark."

The colonel said not a word; he comprehended all; Lucille had been tutored by his wife to deceive him. He remembered his presentiment as he left his house, and cursed his own folly a thousand times. What he dreaded most was the public scandal that would attach to his name if this should become known. He therefore resolved to watch his wife, and act as occasion might require. What stung him to the quick was the certainty that Lucille knew how deeply he had been dishonored, and then again, he had a strong suspicion that his wife's paramour might be somewhere concealed in the neighborhood.

On his return home he went into his library, and remained for some hours wrapped in the gloomiest reflections.

After dinner some friends came, and his wife regained her spirits. Whenever he could do it without exciting her notice he watched her narrowly, but all seemed so candid and innocent that he could scarcely bring himself to believe the dreadful fact.

With a procrastination unusual with him he postponed his intended questioning, and retired to rest. He was, however, very wakeful, dropping off into a fitful and disturbed slumber from which the slightest noise aroused him. Some words spoken by his wife in her sleep caught his ear. He listened. They were words of passion, fear and guilt—all addressed to her beloved Caspar. Then he heard his own name mentioned coupled with dislike and regret. The effect upon the wretched Lemesurier was appalling. Although he had doubted he yet had hoped. All that was now over; his happiness had passed away in those few broken words, murmured by a sleeping and unconscious woman.

Strange to say, as though exhausted with the blow, he fell into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till the morning. Upon opening his eyes he saw his wife standing at his bedside, looking at him. She was dressed, and had brought a cup of coffee for him, an attention she had not paid him for some time.

To account for his depressed spirits the colonel complained of illness. He passed the day in a state of such painful uncertainty that he resolved that evening to have an explanation.

Everything conspired to give him the opportunity, for his domestic, with the exception of Lucille, who remained to attend upon her mistress, went immediately after tea to a party given by the Squire of Bergen Point.

On entering his wife's dressing-room, he found her attired with even more than her usual care and decorated with a favorite diamond necklace he had given to her the day of her marriage. A pang shot through him as he thought of the difference between "then and now." To be quite assured there was no person in the adjoining room, which was their bedchamber, the colonel entered it, and, after looking around, as he thought, carefully, came out, shutting the door. He then took a seat on a couch at one end, and, without replying to his wife's question as to his health, he said: "Agnes, I am about to put a few questions to you, which you will do well to answer truly."

"I don't understand you," said his wife, quailing beneath his earnest but sorrowful gaze.

"I have for two days," resumed the colonel, "been aware of the deception you have practised upon me regarding Mr. Floyd."

"Ah!" replied the other; "what deception?"

"You led me to believe that out of respect to my morbid jealousy you had so studiously avoided his society that he was even ignorant of my expected return, when, the fact is, you were almost constant companions. I have evidence that you were seen walking in the paddock the night before my return, with his arm around your waist—that you drove him to Newark on his way home—and that he only went one hour before my arrival, instead of the day before."

"Then has Lucille betrayed me?" gasped the terrified woman.

"No, madam," said the colonel, sternly, "you betrayed yourself. In your sleep I heard enough to convince me I am a wronged husband and you a faithless wife."

It is impossible to depict the astonishment and horror of Mrs. Lemesurier. She rose from the chair she was sitting upon, and approaching her husband, cried, "Be merciful to me! I am guilty; but—"

"Away, most deceitful of women!" cried her husband, pushing her from him. Slight as the action was, it was sufficient to give her tottering frame an impetus—she reeled towards the marble mantelpiece, missed her grasp and fell with her head against the sharp cutting of a heavy bronze fender. The blood gushed from her mouth, she gave a deep sigh and lay motionless on the floor.

All her husband's tenderness returned; he knelt by her side—felt her heart—all was over—she was dead!

In raising her to bathe her forehead, a letter fell from the folds of her dress. The light of the lamp shone full upon it. It was addressed to himself. Tearing it open he read, to his astonishment, these words:

"My present position is too dreadful to be any longer endured. When you find this, I shall be far off. Do not pursue me—it is useless. I have been a faithless wife; but it might have been worse. I might have been a dishonored mother. Nature has spared that trial. Farewell. Lucille, who knows all, accompanies me!"

YOUR UNHAPPY AGNES."

Stranger still, it was dated the same afternoon. It would thus seem that she had resolved to fly that very night.

Bending once more over the bleeding form, he convinced himself that all human aid was vain, and remained kneeling, as though rooted in horror, by its side.

At this moment he was alarmed by a noise; he looked up towards the spot it proceeded from, when the door of the bedchamber opened, and Lucille, pale as a ghost, entered the room.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT CREVASSE AT NEW ORLEANS.

THE plantation of Mr. Bell, on which the crevasse represented by the cut occurred, is situated about two miles above the upper limits of the city, and on the opposite or right bank. For some time previous to the 11th of April the river had been gradually rising, and on the night before there had been a heavy storm of wind and rain, which caused the wash along the sides of the "big drink" to be much higher than usual. It appears that through the levee at this point there was formerly a wooden sluice, enclosed on all sides, through which water was conveyed from the river to rice fields in the rear of the plantation. In repairing the levee after the cultivation of rice had been abandoned, this sluice was removed, and the place which it had occupied was filled with earth. But the earth does not appear to have been packed with sufficient solidity, and when, on the 11th of April, the river rose to its greatest height, it found the weak spot, and having once forced a passage, it continued to widen the gap with a might and fury which were wholly irresistible. The neighboring planter immediately joined their forces to those of Mr. Bell, and put requisition the ordinary appliances for the closing of such breaches. Their efforts, however, proved unavailing, and not only was the whole plantation in a short time submerged, but the inundating waters, contrary to expectation, crossed a neighboring canal and embankment, which were relied on as a protection for the plantations and villages farther down the river, and carried devastation in their track for many miles. The damages caused by this overflow are variously estimated at from four to five millions of dollars, the general impression being that for two seasons no sugar crops can be raised on the submerged plantations.

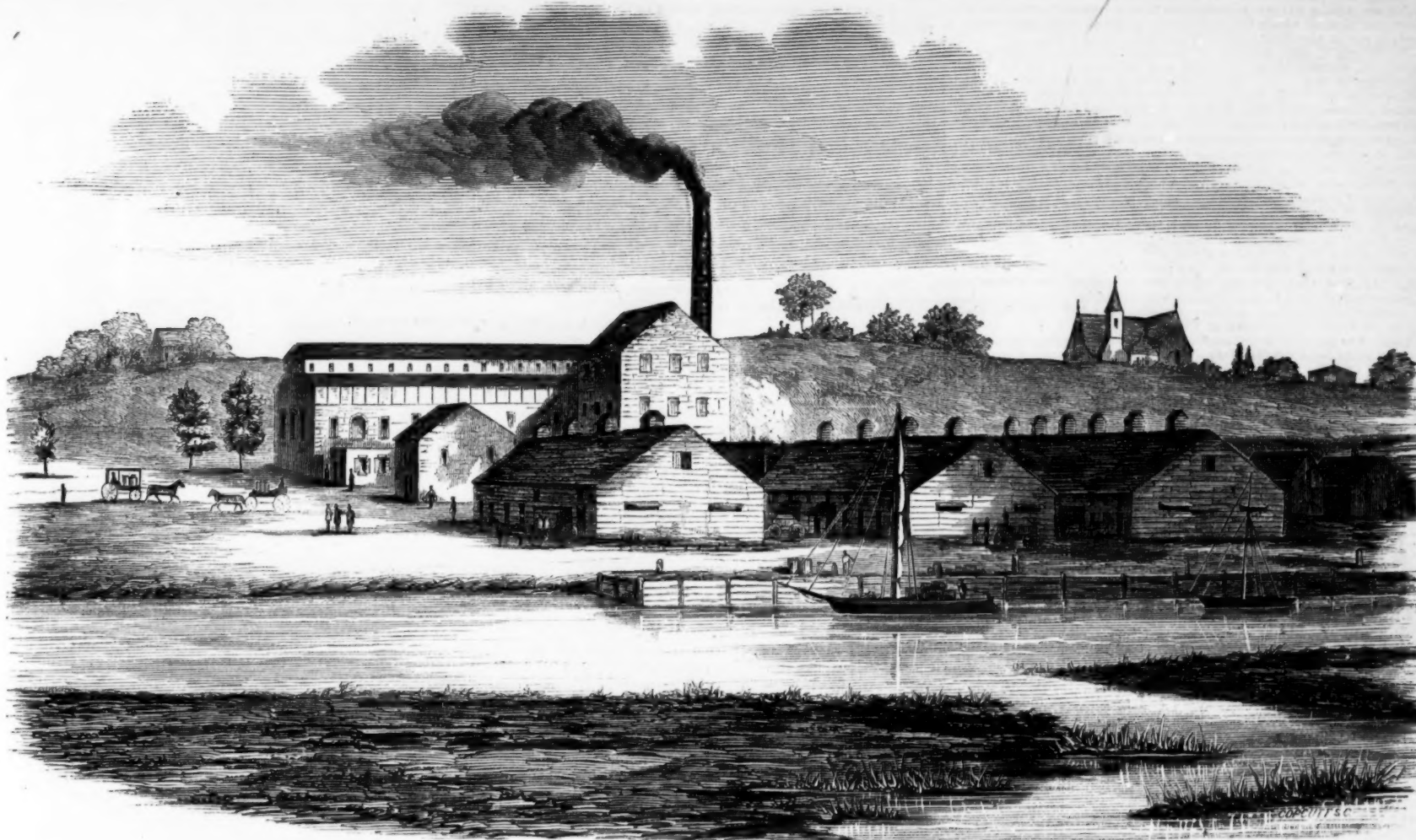
The most earnest efforts have been made to close up this fearful break in the river, but in vain. In the first hours of the inundation the negroes endeavored to fill up the gap, but they failed; then a contract was made with a competent party, who by energetic measures succeeded in driving a treble row of piles half way across the crevasse, when the sudden deepening of the middle of the channel undermined the foundation, and the result of much arduous labor was entirely destroyed. At the latest accounts the crevasse had reached nearly three hundred feet in width, and a depth of from twenty-five to thirty feet. The waters of the Mississippi have now been pouring through this outlet for several weeks, and have submerged many miles of plantations and a great length of the New Orleans, Opelousas and Great Western Railroad. Vast as has been the damage done by this flood, there is yet a slight gleam of comfort in the visitation, for as soon as the water passes the breach and begins to spread over the lower plains, its velocity is diminished, and the earthy matter which it had previously borne in suspension is deposited, the heaviest particles nearest the river and the finer atoms of soil at correspondingly greater distances. Thus the cultivable lands along the margin of the river become greatly widened by every crevasse, and the subsequent increase in the fertility of plantations is a measurable compensation for the disadvantages of an overflow.

The city of New Orleans has suffered from five inundations from breaks in the levees, in the years 1785, 1791, 1799, 1816 and 1849. The levees immediately around the city are said to be perfectly safe.

The volatile inhabitants of the city have turned this disaster into a gala occasion. New ferries are established, and a line of inland skiffs are in operation, to convey the thousands who daily visit the scene of the flood.



THE GREAT CREVASSE OF THE MISSISSIPPI ON THE PLANTATION OF MR. BELL, NEAR NEW ORLEANS, APRIL 11, 1858.—SEE PAGE 7.



COUNTRY DISTILLERIES AND SWILL COW STABLES—EXTERIOR OF COW STABLES CONNECTED WITH TOWERS' DISTILLERY, IN DUTCH KILNS, (BLESSEDVILLE) QUEEN'S COUNTY.

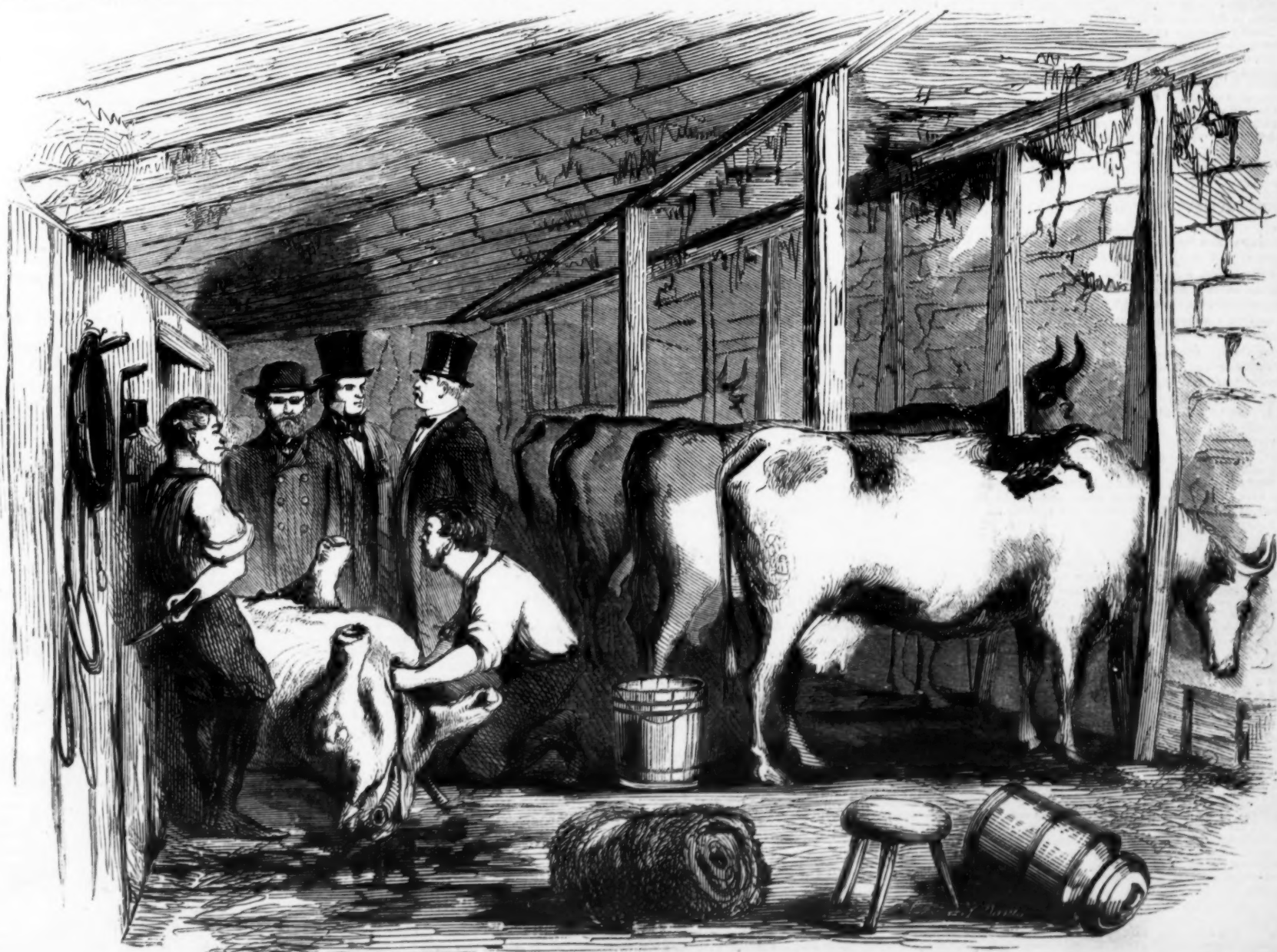
VISIT OF OUR ARTIST AND REPORTER TO THE COW STABLES OF WILLIAMSBURG, GREENPOINT AND DUTCH KILNS, LONG ISLAND.

On Saturday, the 14th of May, accompanied by a few gentlemen of New York, I went over to Williamsburg, to visit the distilleries and cow stables in that city. My intention was to request the assistance of the Brooklyn Health Wardens, in order to gain the entrance to these establishments; but being informed that no such institution was in existence there, that no Health Wardens were appointed yet, I directed myself to the police station-house in the fifth precinct. The captain, Mr. Woglan, received me very politely, and on my request, ordered some of his squad to beat

around the distillery, while I was engaged in taking sketches and notes, and prevent an assault upon me by the proprietors of the stables, which are notorious for riotous conduct, having partaken several times of the election riots and disturbances in that district. On approaching the stables I was immediately recognized by the milkmen as Frank Leslie's artist, and their shouts and remarks were sufficient to keep me from entering their premises. Nevertheless, I succeeded in taking some sketches of the outside of the whole concern, and standing on the corner of North Fourth street, opposite the main entrance of the large stables, I was in the course of a few minutes surrounded by at least fifty men engaged in the milk business, which crowd was so excited and infuriated, that had it not been for the policemen, and the sight of my revolver,

they would certainly have assaulted me. One fellow, Siebert, one of the proprietors, informed me "that I ought to be tarred and feathered, which he and his men would certainly do if they only could catch me." Another invited me with gnashing teeth, "to come to his stable, and he would show me something very interesting, which I would never forget." I told him that he would soon have the honor of my visit, and an infernal "Halloo! down with him!" &c., followed as an answer.

After this warm reception, I thought it better to obtain the assistance of the Brooklyn authorities, and being introduced to the Mayor of Brooklyn, Mr. Powell, by a letter from Mayor Tiemann of New York, he directed me to the Superintendent of the Brooklyn Police Department, not having himself the power of com-



INTERIOR OF COW STABLES IN JERSEY CITY, OWNED BY MARTIN WILLIAMS. THE PROPRIETOR CAUGHT BY OUR ARTIST IN THE ACT OF DRESSING A DEAD COW FOR MARKET.

manding the police force. This gentleman, John S. Folk, provided me with a written introduction to the respective captains of those districts in which the stables are situated, ordering them to protect me in the discharge of my duty.

Dr. George C. Ball, Surgeon of the Brooklyn Police Department, interested himself for my purpose, and accompanied me to Williamsburg on the 17th. Here we called at the residence of the acting-surgeon, J. A. Brady, M.D., who also very willingly consented to accompany me. Captain Woglan and five of his squad, the two doctors, two gentlemen of New York and myself went now to the extensive stables on the foot of North Fifth street, and, meeting with no resistance, we entered the stables, the milkmen very politely showing me around, pointing out those cows they deemed the "most beautiful in the whole country!" The appearance of the stables did not differ from the others I visited before—the same style of feeding with "hot boiling slops," the same manner of keeping the cows close together, the same stumpy tails, the same filth—indeed, more filth, if we can make a distinction; but, to my astonishment, I did not see any of those wagons with false inscriptions which I noticed on the Saturday before, they probably having been removed after my first visit. Among these the names of Mr. Siebert's, Thomas Soden's and Bruns's figured conspicuously.

The stables are owned by different parties, and belong to the distillery of John M. Furmann & Co., formerly Tolly's, from whence the slops are supplied in underground pipes and troughs, the stables being divided from the distillery by the Flushing avenue. Counting over the stables, we ascertained the number of cows to be 1,563, in 130 stables, in rows of 20 heads. One of the clerks of the distillery himself complained of the laziness of the milkmen, who could easily clean the stables if they would only do so. Dr. Ball was mistaken for Mr. Frank Leslie, and caused no little sensation among the milkmen, although they kept very silent for fear of coming in contact with Captain Woglan's policemen. The whole crowd now following the doctor, I had the pleasure of getting rid of their special attention, and so gained a view of most of the animals, which seemed to be in a little better condition than those kept in the Brooklyn stables. The dirt and reeking filth in front of the doors and between the smaller slop-tanks exceeded anything I witnessed before, and to some of the stables we had to pass over a plank to avoid sinking in the mud up to our knees.

Here I parted with the captain and Dr. Brady, and went to the stables on South Second street, owned by Samuel Engle, the slops for which came from his distillery. The stables are situated near the East River, and some of them seemed newly built. Here we found not over eight hundred cows, some of the stables being entirely empty, the cows having been removed into the country. The cows are kept in a long brick building on one side, having room for about 800 cows, and in three miserable-looking old frame buildings on the other side of the yard, the latter being nearly filled with cows, in a very poor condition, and as filthy as imaginable. Dr. Ball succeeded in conversing with the crowd in a jocular manner, while I took sketches. In one of the stables I observed two cows of a miserable appearance, one of them just in the act of being vaccinated, the tail being tied up with rags.

Wednesday, the 18th of May, I paid a visit to Towers & Co.'s distillery and stables, in Queen's county, near Williamsburg. To this place no policeman could accompany me, as they are not allowed to go out of their respective districts. So I asked Dr. Ball, who very willingly went with me as a private citizen.

After a long walk over swamps and creeks, we succeeded at last in gaining a little village called "Dutch Kilns," or "Blessedville" (blessed with swill milk cow stables), nearly a mile and a half from Greenpoint avenue, in Queen's county. The Flushing railroad passes by this place, and a passenger on the cars may be able to distinguish the horrid odor which evaporates from these places, although the situation enables the proprietors to keep the cows in a healthier condition, having the fresh country air instead of that of the cities.

Dr. Ball, after learning the name of the proprietor, paid a visit to his office, and renewing an old acquaintance, he requested permission to view his place, having heard so much about swill milk, &c. We got it, and the respective owners of the cows also had no objection, although they scrutinized my face very much, and apparently recognized the bearer of it as Frank Leslie's artist. Here the cows are kept in three large frame buildings, facing on one side the distillery, and on the other the Dutch Kilns creek, on which a small vessel carries the liquor to the city. From 300 to 500 cows are fed here on distillery slops, in the same manner as in all the other stables in the cities of New York, &c.

Having perhaps expected a visit of reporters and artists, they served some hay and greens to the cows, but the style of masticating this food indicated well enough the late change. The manure is carried away in huge wagons to the neighboring farms as soon as it gains a certain degree of consistence by the effect of the air and heat; in the meanwhile, as our sketch shows, exhibiting a picture which we cannot describe.

In one of the stables I observed a cow with a bleeding tail, which had been cut off close to the rump. After leaving the stables, one of the proprietors remarked, "Gentlemen, if you are going to give a report, be kind enough to speak the truth."

OUR ARTIST AND REPORTER'S VISIT TO JERSEY CITY.

ACCOMPANIED BY Mr. Baker, one of the Health Wardens of New York city, I went over to Jersey city and obtained the aid of the Recorder, who gave me a written order for a Police Captain to assist me in my endeavors. We then visited several distilleries and breweries in that city, but did not find any cow stables immediately connected with them, the swill being taken to the private stables in the city and vicinity on wagons. Each of these stables contained from five to twelve cows. The largest establishment of this kind we found in Sussex, near Hudson street, kept by Martin Williams.

On entering the house to gain an entrance to his stable, the wife of Martin told us that her husband was not in and she could not possibly admit us. Hearing Mr. Baker's voice, the husband suddenly appeared and requested him to do him, as an old acquaintance, the favor to come to his room and give him about thirty minutes to clean his premises a little.

While he and the policeman had a conversation, I silently opened the door of the stable, out of which one of the Irishmen employed came with a candle in his hand. He wanted me to keep back, but I pushed him aside and entered the stable. Here I viewed an interesting picture—about fifteen cows stood in one row there feeding on swill, which was supplied them from the street through a trough, in which the barrels containing the liquid were emptied. The cows were fastened to their stand with two beams standing close together, upright, being joined on the ground and leaving room between for the cow's neck. One of the fifteen cows had died, and a man was busily engaged in dressing the carcass for market, after having taken off the hide. The tongue and some of the intestines I perceived in a pail filled with water. The Irishman seemed perplexed, and on my asking the question, "What are you doing there?" he muttered, "Oh! one of the cows got sick and I killed her to give the meat to the pigs!"

I replied, "Why do you wash these parts?" pointing to the parts in the pail.

He kept silent and stared at me. At this moment my companions entered, and Mr. Baker put a question similar to mine, which drew the reply of, "The cow died and we took the hide off, and intend to throw the flesh overboard!"

I took a sketch of the scene and we left, looking over the premises, which were in a horribly filthy condition. The cows, although long-tailed, were sickly, wretched-looking animals, and indicated internal disease. I ascertained that Martin had sold some five or six of his cows to the butchers previous to our visit, having had in his possession about twenty cows for milking purposes.

Here Mr. Hays, one of the policemen, left us, to get a warrant for Williams' arrest, and Mr. Chase went with me to the other stables. We found some seven or eight of them, small frame buildings, around the city, just leaving room for the cow to stand up. In these stables swill is transported in huge barrels from the distilleries and breweries. The proprietors are Irishmen, and make their living from the selling of milk and hogs, also fed on swill and kept in small sheds about three feet in height and ten feet in length.

FROM POLLY'S DISTILLERY, FIRST AND NORTH FOURTH STREETS, WILLIAMSBURG.

Route No. 43.—May 24, Name on Wagon, J. H. Rathmann, North Fourth and Fourth street.

East Broadway, 83	Peck Slip, 1, Seaman's boarding house
Hamilton street, 164	Williamsburgh—South Fourth street, corner of Seventh, one can, grocery
James's Slip, 19, liquor store	East Fifth street, corner of Sixth, one can, grocery
South street, 173, liquor store;	
146, N. and S. Carolina House	
New Bowerly, 366	
Frankfort street, 84	

Route No. 44.—May 25, Name on Wagon, Edward Calne.

Willet street, 27, 39	Mulberry street, 58, 11, 10, 18, 21,
Heater street, 44, 32, 35	34, 33, 44, 46, 52
Christie street, 45, 85	Worth street, 144, 143, 142
Baxter street, 90, 81, 83, 87	Pearl street, 552, 550
Broadway, 420, 315	Elm street, 21

Route No. 45.—May 22, Name on Wagon, D. Sandhusen, 34

First street, E. D. Brooklyn, Seven Cans.

Grand street, 422	Clinton street, 194, one can, grocery
Houston street, 9	Cherry street, 384, 620, 658, one can
Rutger street, 4, one can, grocery	Gouverneur street, 56
Division street, 113, one can, grocery; 141	New Canal street, 52, one can, grocery
Essex street, 24	
Cannon street, 21	

Route No. 46.—May 25, Small Blue Wagon, Two Cans.

Brooklyn Route.

Remsen street, 234, 236	South Tenth street, 64, 66
Meserole street, 8, 4	Fourth street, 74, 13, 18, 45
South Ninth street, 205, 91	South Ninth street, 91
South Fifth street, 265	South Eighth street, 24, 26
Sixth street, 39	South Sixth street, 16, 52, 56
Bedford Avenue, Mr. Place and	South Seventh street, 47
Mr. Godwin, Firm of Baker & Washington place, 14	
Godwin	South Fourth street, 31, 32, 34,
Taylor street, 166, 168, 170, 179	29, 27

Route No. 47.—May 25, Name on Wagon, P. Graly, Brooklyn, E. D., Two Cans.

Monroe street, 242, 182, 145	Cherry street, 222, 224, 226
Front street, 323, 326, 328	Pelham street, 3, 4, 5
Rutger street, 69	Henry street, 77
Water street, 430, half can; 410,	South street, 210
368, 270, 338, 352	Oak street, 11

Route No. 48.—May 25, Name on Wagon, D. Brogan, No. 3,

Three Cans.

Broome street, 88, 90, 92, 132	Beckman street, 104
Pitt street, 29, grocery	Burling Slip, 115
Orchard street, 41, 7, 5, 3, 2, 4	Cliff street, 24, 85, 87
Division street, 174, 135, 142, 122	Gold street, 46
Hamilton street, 12	Frankfort street, 74, 72
Cherry street, 32, 38, 26, 24, 21, 10	Oak street, 21, 23, 51
Pearl street, 363, 361, 345, 302,	Catharine street, 72
300	Monroe street, 10, 12, 23, 25

Route No. 49.—May 28, Name on Wagon, Peter Semmer.

Fourth street, 290	Eighth street, 324, 314, 318, 316,
Sixth street, 167	247, 226, 227
Avenue C, 114, 116, 118, 124, 128	Avenue B, 230, 232, 273, 271
	Thirteenth street, 275, 262, 266, 268

Route No. 50.—May 27, Name on Wagon, Farrel Larny

365 Madison street, New York.

Took five cans of milk from North Fourth street, Williamsburgh, and came over Grand street ferry; when he found he was followed by our detective, he went to him and told him he had been followed previously; our detective told him he should follow him again, so he drove up to a porter-house and remained inside over four hours, telling our man that he should not deliver any milk that day. People who do not get served regularly should look sharp after their milkmen.

Route No. 51.—May 29, Frederick Dahl, French Farm,

Brooklyn, E. D.

Manhattan place, Mangin street, Third avenue, 193, drug store;	194, 235
nine different customers	Delancey street, 15
Houston street, 81, 83	Suffolk street, 78
Third street, 325, 255, 264	Jackson street, 1, 5, 29, 37
Avenue B, 25	Cherry street, 428
East Thirteenth street, 294	Front street, 350, 352
Madison street, 581	

Route No. 52.—May 27, Name on Wagon, D. Buckley,

115 First street, Long Island.

After following him across the ferry to New York, he led me from one street to another for a long distance, in order, I suppose, to escape from me; he was aware I was following him, and stopped and asked me why I did so; I informed him that was my business. He then said that he should return to his stable without serving a single customer, and asked me to drive to the corner and take a drink, which I refused to do, though strongly coaxed. He said he did not wish to be reported, because he had a great many good customers and sold a large quantity of milk. He offered me two dollars if I would promise not to follow him; finding he could not bribe me he turned back and went to his stables.

This shows how necessary it is that people should see the names on the carts of their milkmen, and compare them with our lists, as the men try all they can to evade our detectives.

May 28, Name on Wagon, D. Buckley, 115 First street,

Long Island.

Our detective has followed this man twice across the ferry to New York, but with the same result. He did not serve a single customer on either occasion. Parties who have not received their milk for two afternoons may rest assured that they are being served with swill milk.

Route No. 53.—May 28, Name on Wagon, Cosgrove, North

Seventh, near Second street, Williamsburgh, Two Cans.

East Eighth street, 379	First avenue, 305, basement
East Thirteenth street, 236, half	East Twentieth street, 225, 227,
can	250
East Eleventh street, 123, half	Avenue A, 287, 289, 293
can; 133	Avenue B, 191
East Twelfth street, 213, 217	Avenue C, 204
East Sixteenth street, 282, 284	Three houses in Avenue B, be-
East Eighteenth street, 232, 249	tween Sixteenth and Seven-
252, 254, 256	teenth street, not numbered

FROM DUTCH KILNS DISTILLERY, NEWTOWN CREEK.

Route No. 54.—May 22, Name on Wagon, Browning, Queen's

Co., L. I.

Ann street, 7	Robertson street, 49
William street, 222, rear	Harrison street, 13, 23, 45, 50, 54
Duane street, 98	Hudson street, 93, 155, 157
Broadway, 289	North Moore street, 53, 70
Reade street, 58, 63, 74, 90, 94,	Canal street, 493, 490
96, 98, 32, 34, 35, 37, 39, 141,	Franklin street, 101, 102, 103, 105
143, 145, 147, 144, 151, 152, 154	White street, 26, 58, 60, 62, 64
Church street, 104, 98, 94	Walker street, 16
Greenwich street, 270, 330, 370,	Lispenard street, 23, 27, 28
444	Sullivan street, 37
Chambers street, 164, 176	Dominick street, 8, 10

A negro came over from the candy factory corner of Chambers and Hudson street, and got a large pitcher full of the poison from the man.

Route No. 55.—May 22, Small Tin Sign on Back of Wagon,

J. H. Dodge, 101 Powers street, his stables,

Williamsburgh Route.

Grand street, 471, 480, 496, 513,	Leonard street, 119
516, 522, 528	South Fifth street, 280, 244
Remsen street, 189	Broadway, 268
Graham avenue, 236, 213, 206	South Sixth street, 216, 212
Smith street, 252	Taylor street, 164, 169, 171, 180
Wyckoff street, 148, 142	Marton street, 55, 28
Meserole street, 129, 79	South Fourth street, 52, 12

Took six cans to his stable, and after taking the tin sign off the wagon commenced his route with only two cans, and the name of A. H. Mills written in chalk on the back.

Route No. 56.—May 23, Name on Wagon, P. Kyhrney, 121

Johnson street, Williamsburgh, E. D., Red Wagon, Four

Cans. Williamsburgh Route.

South Second, corner of Union	Ewen street, 149, 153, 155
avenue	Boorum street, 91, 104, 108
Grand street, 7	Graham avenue, 137, 143
First street, 103, 105	Johnson street, corner of Mon-
South Third street, 144, 150, 299	trose avenue
Schoels street, 97	

FROM SOUTH THIRD STREET DISTILLERY, WILLIAMSBURG, L. I.

Route No. 57.—May 24, Name on Wagon, Farrel, 71 North

Sixth street.

Front street, 335	Broome street, 72, five quarts in
Cherry street, 214, one can; 212	basement and two qts. up-stairs
Monroe street, 362, 363, one can;	Sheriff street, 40, half can
365, 214	Ridge street, 12
Madison street, 398, half can; 365	Seammel street, 1, 3

ROUTES OF THE SWILL MILK WAGONS.

Reported by our Detectives, and Corrected up to May 29,

and Published in our last Edition.

Amos street, 204	East Eighteenth street, 205
Baxter street, 69, 141, 143, 145, 147,	East Nineteenth street, 225, 233, 239
149, 130, 128, 75, 120, 140, 148, 68	East Twentieth street, 225, 212
Bayard street, 104, 108, 106	East Twenty-first street, 251, 257
Canal street, 214, 204	East Twenty-second street, 162, 158,
Cherry street, 62, 61, 68, 50, 115	175, 191, 195
Lower street, 2, 3, 8, 12	East Twenty-third street, 174
Elizabeth street, 229, 233, 237	West Seventeenth street, 126
Elm street, 126, 201	West Nineteenth street, 93, 41, 29
Frankfort street, 78	West Twentieth street, 325
Gold street, 103	West Twenty-first street, 331, 325, 337
James street, 48, 52, 54	West Twenty-second street, 336, 339
Laurel street, 192	West Twenty-third street, 328, 329,
Marion street, 70, 19, 203, 59, 70	342, 284, 286, 219, 294
Mulberry street, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245,	West Twenty-fourth street, 202
246, 106, 125, 113, 228, 240, 248, 251	West Twenty-fifth street, 259, 291
Mott street, 17, 265	West Twenty-sixth street, 330, 341, 352,
Morris street, 59	124
Monroe street, 51	West Twenty-seventh street, 319, 327, 136
Madison street, 180	West Twenty-eighth street, 183, 186
Oak street, 25, 32	West Twenty-ninth street, 252
Oliver street, 53	West Thirtieth street, 126
Prince street, 25, 68	West Thirty-first street, 66, 278, 277,
Pearl street, 46, 487, 201, 300	291, 187, 185, 158, 134, 99
Roosevelt street, 4, 6, 121	West Forty-second street, 204, 206
Spring street, 25	West Forty-third street, 175
South street, 151	West Forty-fourth street, 313, 333
Water street, 368, 285, 344	West Forty-fifth street, 332, 330, 274
Washington street, 79	West Forty-sixth street, 243, 251
Avenue A, 89, 11, 207, 305, 313	Corner of Forty-third street and
First avenue, 307, 321, 349	Eighth avenue
Second avenue, 52, 22	Corner of Thirty-sixth street and Sixth
Third avenue, 81, 313, 537, 596	avenue
Fourth avenue, 587	Corner of Lexington avenue and Thirty-
Fifth avenue, 260, 699, 601, 53	second street
Sixth avenue, 476, 555, 627	Corner of Forty-seventh street and
Seventh avenue, 45, 153	Second avenue
Eighth avenue, 458, 443	Corner of Forty-eighth street and
Ninth avenue, 90, 70, 62	Second avenue
Tenth avenue, 177	Corner of First avenue and Fifty-third
Eleventh avenue, 112	street
Twelfth avenue, 62, 22	Corner of Broadway and Thirty-sixth
Thirteenth avenue, 41, 35	street
Fourteenth avenue, 158, 177	Corner of Sixth avenue and Thirty-
Fifteenth avenue, 42, 139	fifth street
Sixteenth avenue, 267, 107, 262	Corner of Forty-fifth street and Broad-
Seventeenth avenue, 260, 262	way
Eighteenth avenue, 141, 143	Corner of Fiftieth street and Broadway

Carts Found by the Committee of the Board of Health in the Sixteenth and Thirty-ninth Street Stables.

P. Flanagan, No. 76 Tenth avenue; J. Griffith, No. 94 Ninth avenue; J. O'Donnell, No. 87 Tenth avenue; P. Kennedy, No. 82 Tenth avenue; C. Gallagher, No. 230 First street; — No. 86 Tenth avenue; E. Lester, West Seventeenth street; H. O'Donnell, No. 74 Tenth avenue; E. Gilligan, No. 95 Tenth avenue; M. Doyle, No. 66 Tenth avenue; G. Carley, No. 67 Tenth avenue; J. Clark, No. 86 Tenth avenue; James Hughes, No. 225 Twenty-first street; W. Williams, No. 260 Thirty-seventh street; B. Conner, No. 67 Tenth avenue; T. Thomas, No. 531 West Seventeenth street; L. Coyne, No. 67 Tenth avenue; George Bicknell, No. 25 West Thirty-ninth street; M. Tuite, No. 309 Thirty-eighth street; H. Schmedes, No. 512 Tenth avenue; G. Blinks, No. 70 Bedford, cor. Commerce street. [This wagon had painted in large letters the words "Dutchess County Milk."]

OUR VISIT TO MR. T. W. DECKER'S MILK ESTABLISHMENT.

At the request of several prominent citizens, who have long been customers of Mr. Decker, we paid a visit of examination to his place of business, 155 East Twenty-seventh street. We found it in every respect well appointed. His business is very extensive, and he procures his entire stock of milk from Dutchess and Westchester counties, by the Harlem Railroad. He, accompanied by his book-keeper, meets the milk train every morning at three o'clock, and testing the quality of the milk, he dispatches his employees on their routes. His stable for stalling his horses and his wagon-house occupy a lot twenty-five by one hundred feet; the roof is lofty, and the room ample, and the seven beautiful horses, well groomed and spirited, seem more adapted to private carriages than milk wagons. His seven wagons are scrupulously clean, as is every part of his establishment. The room appropriated to cleaning his cans is large and airy. A rack holds the clean and shining cans, and a drain beneath carries off the water after it has thoroughly purified the milk vessels.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE, EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK.
 DESERET DESERTED:
 OR, THE LAST DAYS OF BRIGHAM YOUNG,
 supported by all the eminent artists attached to this establishment.
 Doors open at seven; performance commences at half past seven.
 Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Chairs, \$1.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE ST.
 Return of the incomparable
 RAVELS.
 GABRIEL, ANTOINE and JEROME,
 assisted by the double corps of Great Artists, and positively their last per-
 formances in America previous to their final retirement from the stage.
 Two great pieces,
 Doors open at seven; to commence at eight.
 Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUTON STREET.
 Miss Laura Keene, Sole Lessee and Directress.
 MRS. BOWERS, WITH HER ENTIRE PHILADELPHIA COMPANY,
 EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK.
 Doors open at 7; the performance will commence at 8 o'clock.
 Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—An entirely original
 Moral Drama.
 Engagement of the accomplished and versatile
 Miss SUSAN DENIN.
 Every Evening at 7½ o'clock, and every Wednesday and Saturday After-
 noons at 3 o'clock.
 Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents,
 Happy Family, &c. &c.
 Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.
 Proprietor, Henry Wood.
 THE GREATEST ETHIOPIAN COMEDIANS IN THE WORLD!
 BROWER, BUDWORTH, FOX and WHITE.
 Stage Manager, Sylvester Bleeker.
 Treasurer, L. M. Winans.
 Ticket, 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7½ o'clock precisely.

JAMES ROGERS' ART UNION MUSIC HALL, 497 BROADWAY.
 Grand change of programme, in which all the favorites will appear.
 MACBETH, MACBETH, MACBETH.
 Mr. James Rogers begs to return his grateful thanks for the patronage and
 compliments nightly bestowed on his representation of Macbeth, which will
 be repeated for months—feeling, as he does, that he has created a sensation
 that few tragedians have in the city of New York.
 New Songs, Duets, Trios, Quartettes and Choruses by the Company, in-
 cluding
 Miss Kate Weston, Mr. Hayes,
 Miss Marie Duran, Mr. C. Swain,
 Julius Wed (pianist and composer), Mr. Castelli,
 Mr. George Pierce, Mr. J. W. Clifford,
 Mr. James Rogers.
 Open all day. Concert commences at 8 o'clock. Admission, 12 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JUNE 5, 1858.

NOTICE.—We published on the 22d ult., a sketch of the Court Martial on Gen. Twiggs, at Newport, Ky., which was obligingly sent us by M. P. Noble, Esq., of Cincinnati, O., but without giving that gentleman the usual "credit." This omission was caused by a neglect in our office, through which the original sketch had been mislaid, and we desire to express to Mr. Noble our regret at this unavoidable occurrence.

Our Exposure of the Swill Milk Trade.

Our city government, with that commendable foresight and unflinching watchfulness which leads them always to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen, appointed a committee last week to inquire into the management of the distillery swill stables. The first movement of this committee was to visit the cow stables in Sixteenth and Thirty-ninth streets. They went on Thursday, the 28th ult., and were received by the owners, or their representatives, with excessive politeness. Our artist and the reporters of the *Tribune*, *Times*, *Herald*, &c., were at first refused permission to accompany the committee, but when they hired carriages to follow the officials they were generously admitted into the party. As we predicted, everything about these establishments was changed. The accumulated filth of the two stables had been floated into the North river, to contaminate the water and to help fill up the channel. Three-fourths of all the cows had been driven away, or were sold to the butcher, or were dead. A large number of stump-tailed cows were seen, some partially diseased, but the whole details of the place were purity undefiled compared to their state previous to the time when we lifted the veil and exposed the reeking dens of filth and disease. We shall not follow the committee of the Board of Health on their journey; we will not even join them in their friendly drink with Mr. Moore, the owner of the distillery. We trust, however, that the liquor was of a character worthy the palate of a New York Alderman, but we also trust that the "generous spirit" may not exert too warm an influence upon our susceptible committee when their report is under consideration. For the details of this visit of examination we refer our readers to the statement of the *Tribune* reporter, in another column.

We believe that the appointing of a committee from the members of the Board of Health was, in Mayor Tiemann's judgment, the best course to pursue; but we fear, for any good that will arise from it, it was labor in vain. What can the committee learn of what the stables were by what they are? Examination should have been made immediately upon our first exposure, then the plain, matter-of-fact statements that we made would have been ocularily verified in every minute detail.

The committee intend examining witnesses and taking evidence. This is right, provided that these witnesses are not selected by the distillers and swill cow stable proprietors. We have witnesses who must be examined, and we offer in evidence the facts which we have published, and which cannot be disproved or disputed. We have made ourselves heard in this cause, and our labors to abolish the murderous nuisance shall not be smothered up by any committee without our raising our voice in earnest and solemn protest. Both the *Tribune* and *Times* reporters mention with ominous significance the apparent lukewarmness of some of the members of the committee. That no means will be spared to influence the report is to be expected, but woe to those who are recreant to their trust. Their names shall be associated with infamy and corruption wherever a newspaper in English or German is read. We have no desire to threaten, no wish to intimidate, but we are not idle, and we are searching for light with regard to the members of this committee, which will not be unimportant when the tenor of the report is known. There are good men upon the committee, and if they are true to their duty, to their honor, and to the dictates of humanity, distillery swill cow stables will be routed out from the city for ever. As we stated in our last, the committee consists of Aldermen Tuomey, Reed and Tucker, and Councilmen Haswell and Cross.

We have for months been earnestly seeking for all the statistics relating to this swill milk business that could be obtained, and we shall feel greatly indebted to Alderman Reed if he will send us the statistics which were given to him, as he told us, by a distiller, a few days ago, during an interview they had together. If there were any new facts adduced at that meeting which would enlighten the public, it were well that they were published. Alderman Reed being a butcher—although an Alderman, and of course above suspicion—should not have been appointed upon the Committee, because, no matter how unjustly, swill milk and cow stable beef are so intimately connected in everybody's mind, that credit for impartiality will hardly be awarded to him who might, by a remote possibility, have had dealings with the parties in the way of trade. For our own part, we are glad that he is placed in a position where his opinion will be put upon record, for we cannot help thinking that his present anxiety for the cleansing of the skirts of the swill cow stables differs materially from the tone of his conversation in our office, when he volunteered to search out information and facts for us. He inquired about facts, and got them from some distiller, but what he got he has kept to himself.

We call upon Mayor Tiemann to be true to the cause. Let him remember that upon his firmness, honesty and decision rest the lives of unborn infants. We adjure him to turn neither to the right nor to the left; but, inflexible in the course of justice, uninfluenced by fear or favor, and acting on the knowledge of facts and the overwhelming testimony in his possession, let him declare, with Jackson, "I'll take the responsibility." Let him do this, and the whole city and country will support him and bear him out with acclamation.

The Duty of Congress—The Inter-Oceanic Canal.

CONGRESS called for and has received the report of Lieut. Craven relative to the survey for the proposed inter-oceanic canal. Lieut. Craven's report embraces his opinion of the two ends of the route, and the objections he makes as to their practicability should weigh but little against the judgments of such men as Brunel, Humboldt, Stephenson and Ranney, the Geographical Societies of Paris and London, the Institution of Civil Engineers, &c., to whose consideration the entire route, with all the difficulties and calculations, was submitted. They were united in the opinion that the course of the canal as surveyed by Mr. Kennish was practicable. Lieut. Michler, the topographical chief of the expedition, is ready to report, and it is the bounden duty of Congress to call for that report. The people look for it, the vital interests of the country demand it, and we are greatly mistaken if its production will not totally overthrow the doubts cast upon the undertaking by the partial and incomplete report of Lieut. Craven.

We understand from reliable authority that the report of Lieut. Michler will confirm substantially the survey of Mr. Kennish. It may even transpire that Mr. K. has under, rather than over stated the difficulties of the line.

It is rumored that the most gross prejudice existed in the mind of the commanding officer against the Kennish route, and that every obstacle was thrown in the way of a fair examination of the line. There is much to be told, and much, very much that the public ought to know.

Let Lieut. Michler's report be brought before Congress. As a matter of justice, both reports should be made public, and we demand on the part of the people, and for the sake of the cause, that Lieut. Michler be afforded a fair hearing.

Wall Street "Pure Milk" Gambling Stock Companies.

THE *Herald* has sounded the note of preparation, by asking, in the most innocent possible manner, why some of the Wall street men do not take advantage of the present excitement about milk by getting up a "Pure Milk" company? The *Herald* could have supplied the answer without troubling its readers with the question. We were well assured that our exposure of the swill milk trade would bring a host of speculators into the field, whose chief aim would be to raise a stock by means of glowing circulars, to get it quoted on "Change," then to sell out and leave for the duped stockholders a splendid shell from which the kernel had been carefully extracted.

The public should beware of all such reckless schemes. Milk companies have been tried before, but they did not answer. One company started some time since with a flourish of trumpets and a hundred thousand dollars to back it, but in a brief period it burst up; its capital was among the missing, leaving debts unsatisfied to the full amount of its original capital. Some one made money out of the concern, and we are inclined to think that the original projectors did not lose much by the operation. Indeed, if the truth could be reached, it would in all probability account for the "milk in the coconut."

There are many reasons why a milk company is not desirable. One reason is, and it covers the whole ground, needing no other objection, that it is impossible to house so vast a number of cows as would be necessarily required, and preserve the requisite cleanliness and isolation. We do not hesitate to say that many of the evils which we are endeavoring to correct by abolishing the distillery cow stables, would be certain to arise in the crowded and ill-tended stables of the new pure milk companies. So that we should only be correcting one evil to inaugurate another only a little less abominable. With the very best intentions in the world, we will grant this for the moment: What company holding its office and drawing its dividends in Wall street, could or would maintain a strict espionage over a milk factory, located perhaps thirty or forty miles away? We have seen by undoubted evidence, that cows fed in a certain way and rendered helpless by disease, yield on an average twice as much milk, of some sort or the other, as the generality of healthy cows. Are stock companies so humane that they would inquire how double the quantity of milk was obtained, if their dividends were increased *pro rata*? Experience brings all evidence to the contrary; it points rather to the fact that with a large capital at command every avenue to fraud and deception would be open and available. We should only have an exchange of country for city swill cow stables. Let us have none of the bubble Wall street pure milk companies.

Much stress is laid by certain parties upon using padlocked cans with a tap to them, which are to insure that the milk shall reach the consumers as pure as it leaves the farmer's hands, who locks the can and keeps the key. Of course the lids cannot be removed, and water cannot be introduced up the tap. This sounds well, but what is to hinder the company's servants having duplicate keys? Such things have been done before. The use of the tap has been tested, and has been discontinued on account of its worthlessness. It encourages dirt. A thick substance collects round the inside of the tap, which hardens when it comes into contact with warm water, and becomes sufficiently offensive to spoil the fresh milk when allowed to stand an hour or two. All good milkmen know the importance of keeping their cans scrupulously clean, and in full knowledge of this have ceased to use the taps. So that the

taps, as we show, need be no check upon the retailer, while they are objectionable on the score of cleanliness.

We have said sufficient to show that we do not only not need "Pure Milk Companies," but that their existence will only tend to perpetuate the evils it is pretended they will remedy. They are stockjobbing speculations all, and we warn the public against trusting to their specious promises. Good is not expected out of evil, then what can be hoped for from concerns, conceived in Wall street, born of lobby men in Albany, and managed by stock jobbing adventurers?

An Advocate Wanted for the Swill Cow Stable.

A WEEK or two since it was stated positively that the *Scottish American* of this city was about to advocate the cause of the distillery cow stables. It was stated that Wilson, the proprietor of one of the distilleries on Skillman street, Brooklyn—probably the mouthpiece of the whole lot—had made overtures to the proprietors of that journal, offering to take and circulate 50,000 copies weekly, on condition that his business should be exquisitely whitewashed therein, Eau de Cologne thrown over the cow stable stench, and his diseased milk invested with a high sanitary excellence.

We did not give credence to this report, for we were satisfied that the *Scottish American* would not advocate any cause that it could not support with honor. In an interview with the editor we learned that a proposition had been made, and that he held it in consideration until he had examined into the matter thoroughly. He did examine the subject and declined the proposition, for he was satisfied that some of the swill stables around us were even worse than we had represented them to be.

The cause of the distilleries and cow stables must be rotten indeed, if not one journal of repute can be found to stand forward in their defence. There is, we understand a little sheet in Brooklyn (*The Daily Times*), published for and circulated in the cow stables of that place and the vicinity, which offers a lukewarm and feeble support to the cause of swill; but there is no other paper so mean and God-forsaken as to sustain it, and so it stands infamously alone. So let it stand.

What are we to do when Swill Milk is Abolished?

This is a question put to us a hundred times a day. Where shall we get our milk from? The supply from the country will not more than half meet the demand from the city! We would simply state that this is the veriest misconception possible. Take a circuit of twelve miles round the limits of the city, and it would furnish grazing ground enough to supply us with all the pure, healthful, life-saving milk that we can consume. The reason that it has not done so hitherto, is that it was not wanted, the cheap and filthy article of swill milk constituting a large proportion of the daily demand. Abolish that baleful manufacture, and the pleasant hill sides, the teeming valleys and the luxuriant bottoms will be covered with the beautiful creatures—God's milk fountains for our children's health and succor.

Then there are the rich countries opened up by the lines of railroads—the Hudson river, the Erie, the Harlem, the New Haven and the Long Island; all these would pour in a tide of wholesome lactical fluid. New York would be the depot for the richest milk in the world; our children would gain the privilege to retain the life breathed into their nostrils, and New York would cease to be the city of wholesale infanticide. To achieve this, the swill cow stables must be destroyed! Are the people deaf and soulless, that they will not move or stir to rid themselves of this curse, and gain a blessing in its stead?

SWILL MILK INVESTIGATION.

The Committee of the Board of Health at the Distillery Cow Stables.

Reported for the Tribune.

At 11½ o'clock the carriages drove into the stable-yards of Wm. M. Johnson & Son's distillery, occupying the block between Tenth and Eleventh avenues and Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets. The appearance of the place fully justified the previous anticipations. The lines in the dirt, caused by the broom splints in a recent sweeping, were yet visible in the yards, and the stables themselves had been cleaned and washed to a point of scrupulous nicety, that the Committee might see nothing to take exceptions to in this regard. Signs, too, had been placed over the principal entrances to the premises, inscribed with the words:

"THE PUBLIC ARE INVITED TO INSPECT THESE STABLES."

Some of the old sheds in which cows were stabled have been torn down within a few days, and removed. In the other stables a large proportion of the stalls were vacant. It has been generally reported that the sheds had over 1,500 stalls, but the superintendent of the stables denied yesterday that there had been over 800. There were, then, not 500 cows on the premises. On being questioned as to the disposition that had been made of the others, the employees stated that they had been sold to the butchers.

From statements made, it seems that other parties than the proprietors of the distilleries are incriminated in the traffic. The cows are owned by milkmen, and many of them by persons having dairy farms in the neighboring counties, and who, from this fact, are enabled to sell large quantities of milk without exciting any suspicions as to the place whence it is obtained. Johnson & Co., and the proprietors of other distillery establishments, furnish city pasturage—that is to say, a stall eight feet by four and still stalls, at ten cents a day for each cow. But the recent exposure of the business has lessened the demand for the noxious article, and in many instances the cows have been sold to the butchers, and in others they have been driven or dragged for the time being to the country. The general appearance of the cows on the premises was tolerably good. But few exhibited any signs of disease, other than a bleary appearance about the eyes. In a number of instances, however, the animals were found entirely without tails, and in many others the tails were not half their natural length. In some cases the flesh at the end of the tail was found to be exposed and in a diseased condition. Small sores were found on the bodies and legs of some of the cows. Before them were the troughs containing the hot swill, which constitutes the principal and perhaps the whole of their feed in ordinary times. During yesterday particular pains was taken to pour oil meal into the swill troughs while the committee were making their examination. Something was said about hay being fed the cows, but as there was no more about the premises than would be a fair stock for the horses stabled there, it is fair to presume, in the absence of positive statements to the contrary, that the cows were innocent of any indulgence in that article.

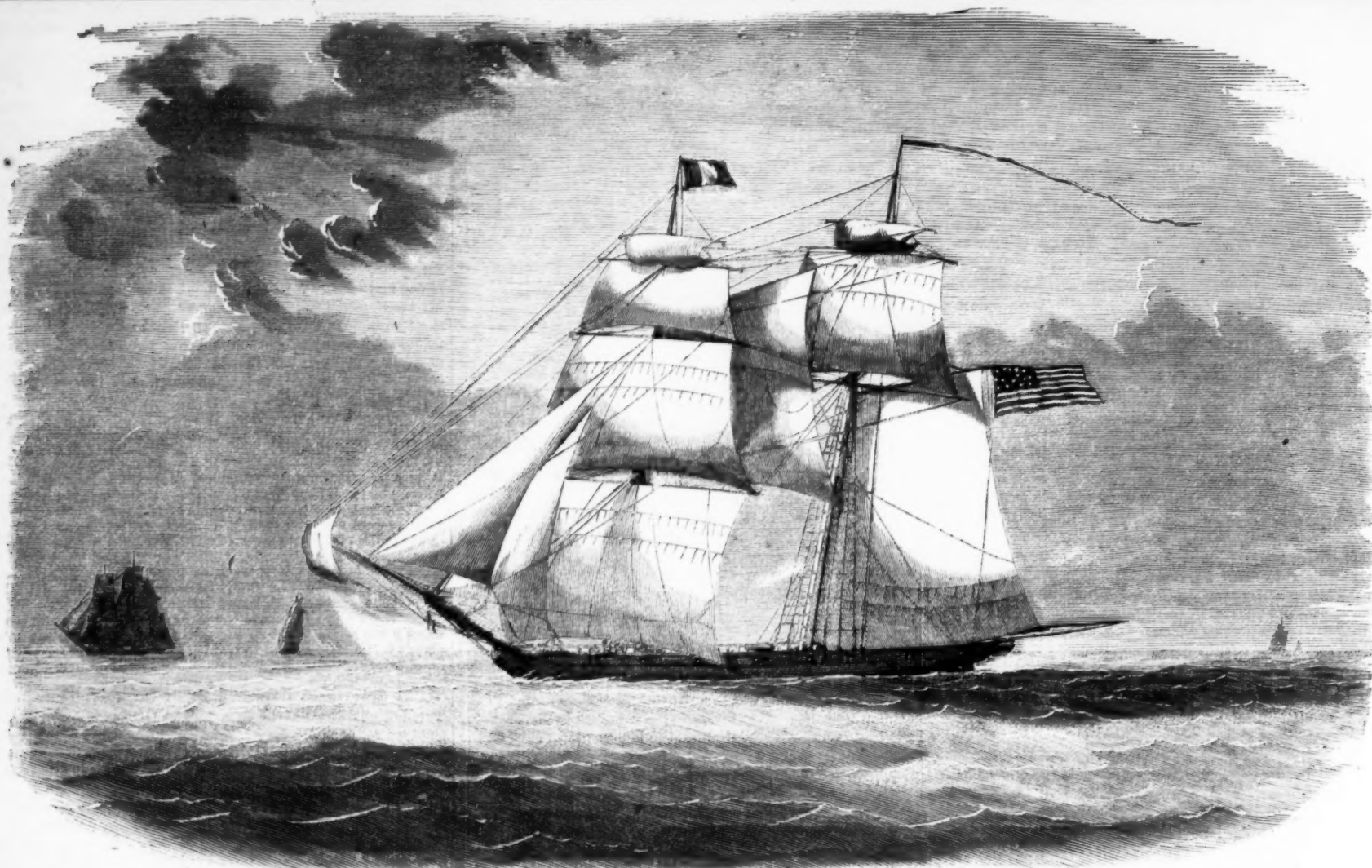
But in respect to the condition of the cows and the premises, Mr. Berghaus, the artist, states that the appearance yesterday can give a person no adequate idea of the diseased and ulcerated condition of the one or the everywhere filthy state of the other. A half dozen samples of the milk were taken from the cows, which, with some of the still slops, were subsequently conveyed to the chemists for analyses.

On the opposite side of Sixteenth street was the slaughter-house, where many of the animals from the stables are purchased and killed. The sides of several beams were hung up in the place and in sight of those passing by. The beef exhibited no signs of disease, and was pronounced by Mr. Kirk of the City Inspector's Department to be healthy meat.

The Committee then proceeded to the stables allotted to the distillery of George Moore, in Thirty-ninth street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues. This establishment is much smaller in extent than that in Sixteenth street, but the same general facts as state of Johnson's stables are true of those. The yard, however, was not as clean, but there were fewer cows than there were a few weeks since, and the stables were in a cleanly condition. Mr. Moore was present, and accompanied the Committee in their tour of inspection. When this was completed the party was invited into a liquor establishment on the corner of Tenth avenue and Thirty-eighth street, where a drink was taken all around at the expense of the proprietors.

What will be the consequences of the investigating Committee it is difficult to state. Certain facts which transpired would seem to indicate that some of the Committee were not animated with a burning zeal in ridding the city of what is known to be a fruitful cause of shortening life. There was no good reason why certain members of the committee should have objected to the reporters accompanying them on their tour, with the intimation that the visit was intended to be private; and it was not until the reporters themselves hired two carriages from Mr. Van Rans, and thus had placed themselves upon an independent wheeling, that the objections ceased.

One of the Committee, too, while at Johnson's stables, was closely engaged in private conversation with Johnson's agents, and as reporters and others were in proximity, he seemed particularly desirous to have their remarks unheard by others.



THE PRIVATEER BRIG GENERAL ARMSTRONG, CAPT. S. C. REID, COMMANDER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FREDRICKS.

THE PRIVATEER BRIG GEN. ARMSTRONG.

THE following thrilling sketch of the celebrated battle of the privateer Gen. Armstrong is the only authentic and detailed account of this wonderful naval engagement ever published:

It was towards the close of the last war with England, in 1814, that the reverses which had attended our arms on land, and the bankrupt condition of the Government, had thrown a gloom and despondency over the country, when the news of the almost incredible battle of the privateer Gen. Armstrong with a large British fleet at the island of Fayal—one of the Azores or Western Islands—revived our hopes, and sent a thrill of joy and enthusiasm through the hearts of the American people.

The fight of the brig Gen. Armstrong was probably the most desperate, fearful and romantic that ever took place on the ocean. She was a little brigantine of only two hundred and forty-six tons, belonging to New York, and carried but seven guns and ninety men, including officers. She was commanded by a very young officer, Capt. Sam. C. Reid, then only thirty years of age, who had been a midshipman under Commodore Truxton.

On the 28th of September, 1814, the Armstrong put into the neutral port of Fayal, belonging to Portugal, for the purpose of obtaining water. Capt. Reid had dined that day with the American Consul, Mr. John B. Dabney, who with a number of other gentlemen returned with him on board his vessel. Towards sundown, the British brig-of-war Carnation, of eighteen guns, hove in sight, stood up the harbor, and anchored within half cable's length of the Armstrong. Soon after the frigate Rota, of forty-four guns, and the ship-of-the-line Plantagenet, of seventy-four guns, came to anchor in the roads. Admiral Lloyd, who commanded the fleet, had previously been informed by the pilot that the Armstrong was in the harbor, and he at once determined upon her capture. The brig Carnation immediately began signaling with the fleet, threw out four large launches, or boats, and commenced passing arms into them. All these movements could be seen, and the orders given were distinctly heard on board the Armstrong. At the same time the British brig made every preparation to intercept the privateer should she attempt to escape. Although Capt. Reid had been assured of the perfect safety of his vessel by the American Consul, being in a neutral port, he now felt certain, from the manœuvres of the fleet and the preparations going on, that there would be trouble, and he accordingly told the gentlemen that they had better go on shore. After their departure a council was held among the officers of the Armstrong, and it was first suggested that they should make an effort to get out to sea; but the wind being very light, it was determined to haul close in under the guns of the castle for protection.

Capt. Reid immediately gave secret orders to clear the decks for action, and cautioned the crew to make as little noise as possible. He then cut his cable, got out sweeps and commenced pulling in shore to the castle. The Carnation immediately dropped her top-sails and made sail, to prevent the privateer from going out of the harbor should she attempt it, while the boats, which were lying alongside, were ordered in chase of the Armstrong. It was now about eight o'clock in the evening. The moon, which was near its full, was gradually rising, and silver-sprinkling with its beams the beautiful bay, while not a ripple broke the stillness of the glittering surface, save the splash of the oars of the boats, which were pulling swiftly towards the privateer. Capt. Reid immediately ceased pulling to the shore, let go an anchor, and got springs on his cable so as to bring the vessel broadside to the enemy.

At this time one of the large launches, which was considerably in the advance, pulled up under the stern of the Armstrong, when Capt. Reid, with speaking-trumpet in hand, being in his shirt-sleeves, and all hands at quarters, hailed the boat three times. No answer was returned except by one of the sailors, who asked in a gruff voice what was the matter? The officer replied, "Make no answer, sir—pull away, my lads." At the next moment the word was given to "toss oars," and with their boat-hooks they hauled alongside under the port quarter of the privateer. The officer in the boat then cried out, "Fire and board, my lads," and as the men rose from their seats, Capt. Reid instantly gave the word to his marines to fire, which was almost simultaneous on the part of both. One man on board the privateer was instantly killed, and the First Lieutenant, Fred. A. Worth, a brother of the late Gen. Worth, of the United States army, was wounded.

The men in the boat were severely cut up, and they cried out for quarter, while the other three boats, pulling up at full speed on the starboard side, immediately opened their fire. They were received with a full broad-side of grape and cannister, which was followed by the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying. A fierce struggle now ensued, in which the enemy made a desperate attempt to board; but staggered and appalled by the galling fire of the privateer, they cried out for quarter, and the boats pulled off in a sinking condition, with great loss, Capt. Reid refusing to take them prisoners.

The Gen. Armstrong then weighed their anchor and pulled in towards the shore, about half pistol shot from the castle, where she was moored head and stern near the beach, with her port side next to the shore. The Carnation in the meanwhile sailed down to the fleet, and it was soon evident that they had determined on a more

formidable attack. The American Consul at this time had written a note to the Portuguese Governor, demanding protection for the privateer, but the Governor simply despatched a note to Admiral Lloyd, requesting him to abstain from further hostilities. To this note Lloyd replied, that as the Americans had first fired into one of their boats without any provocation, he now determined to take the privateer at all hazards, and if protection was afforded her, he would fire into the town.

About nine P.M., the wind having breezed up, the enemy's brig was observed standing in with a large fleet of boats in tow, numbering fourteen, and carrying between forty and fifty men each. When within gun-shot the boats cast off from the brig, and took their stations in three divisions under cover of a small reef or island of rocks, within musket-shot of the privateer. The brig kept under weigh to act with the boats, in case the privateer attempted to escape.

In the meantime terror and consternation had spread through the town. The windows of the houses nearest the scene were filled with women, and the whole shore was crowded with the inhabitants awaiting with intense excitement and breathless expectation the coming attack. There lay the little American brig, with her tall, tapering spars, sleeping on the moonlit waters as quiet and as peaceful as an overwearied child. There she lay, like the apparition of a phantom ship; not a movement was to be seen, not a sound was heard to break the stillness of her decks, and seemingly deserted, from the deathlike silence which prevailed. Notwithstanding, Capt. Reid had made every preparation to receive the enemy on all sides, and his crew were then lying concealed at their quarters. In this position the belligerents remained for nearly three hours, watching each other with painful interest. When it is considered that the crew of the Armstrong had nothing to gain, and had no motive for remaining by their vessel but the defence of their country's honor; when they saw the terrible odds that opposed them, and which threatened a fearful retribution, with no hope of reward except death for the defence of the American flag, while a leap to the shore held out to them the inducement of safety, it is remarkable that they stood so firm, and their wonderful discipline may be imagined.

At length, at midnight, the enemy seemed resolved upon the attack, and the boats were observed in motion. Instead of approaching by divisions, as Capt. Reid expected, they came on in solid column in a direct line. When about twenty-five yards off, Capt. Reid ordered his men to stand by after the fire, to run in the guns and lash in the ports, in order to prevent the enemy from getting through the port-holes on boarding, as they would not have time to reload the guns before the enemy would be alongside. The men were then cautioned to wait for the word, and to be sure of their object. The "Long Tom," a heavy forty-eight pounder, placed on a pivot amidships, was sighted with fearful accuracy. On came the British boats with undaunted intrepidity, when they were again hailed by Capt. Reid, but no answer was returned. The fatal command was then given, and a tremendous fire was opened on the enemy, the thunder and crash of which broke the charmed stillness of the before quiet midnight scene. Reeling back and reeling from the missiles of death, they warmly returned the fire, remanned their oars, and giving three cheers, came on most spiritedly. The crew of the privateer asked if they should return the cheer? "No," replied Capt. Reid; "no cheering until we have gained a victory." In a moment they succeeded in gaining the bow and starboard quarter of the Armstrong. The cry of the officers commanding the boats was; "Up and board, my lads—give the enemy no quarter!" At the same instant they opened a terrific fire with carronades, swivels, blunderbusses and musketry. They were gallantly met by the crew of the privateer in their black leather boarding caps strapped with iron, looking like demons, with boarding-pikes, muskets, battle-axes, pistols and cutlasses. The vessel soon became one broad sheet of fire, the red glare of which strangely contrasted with the brilliant light of the moon, now riding high in mid-heaven. Shrieks and yells, orders and oaths amid the clang of sabres, were heard on both sides through the din and roar of the musketry. Again and again the enemy, led by their officers, attempted to gain the decks of the privateer, but were repulsed at all times with immense loss. The battle now raged with the greatest fury. The Americans fought with the desperation of fiends. Making a last desperate effort to board, the enemy gained the spritsail-yard and bowsprit of the privateer, and were pressing their way to her decks, when the



CAPT. SAMUEL C. REID, COMMANDER OF THE PRIVATEER BRIG GENERAL ARMSTRONG, IN THE WAR OF 1812. PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDRICKS.



BELLEVUE, THE COUNTY SEAT OF SARPY COUNTY, ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE MISSISSIPPI, NEBRASKA TERRITORY. FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT. SEE PAGE 14.

American seilors, wielding their battle-axes with the skill and might of knights of old, drove back England's best and bravest men with horrid slaughter. The second-lieutenant of the Armstrong, Mr. Alexander O. Williams, was killed at this moment, while gallantly leading on his forward division; and the third-lieutenant, Mr. Robert Johnson, also fell dangerously wounded. At the same instant, Capt. Reid, who commanded the after division, was engaged beating off two large launches, the men and officers of which had succeeded in climbing up the sides of the privateer. One of the latter, the first-lieutenant of the Plantagenet, had engaged Capt. Reid in a hand-to-hand fight with cut-lases, and once or twice came near overpowering him. Capt. Reid, being left-handed, used his right hand in firing pistols, which the powder-boys headed him, while he continued to fight with the British lieutenant with his left hand, disdaining to shoot down his adversary. At last the British lieutenant, making a feint, brought down a desperate blow, which Capt. Reid had just time to break the force of, cutting the captain slightly across the head, and nearly severing his thumb and forefinger. Before the Englishman could recover, Capt. Reid struck him down, and he fell back a corpse into the boat.

It was at this critical juncture that Capt. Reid was informed of the death of his second lieutenant, and that his third lieutenant was badly wounded. Having succeeded in beating the boats off the quarter, and thus left the only officer on the deck, he perceived that the fire had slackened on the fore-castle. At once rallying the whole of the after division they rushed forward with a shout, and opened a fresh fire, while he ordered the forward division to heave cold shot into the boats and sink them, as these men were out of cartridges. The enemy, appalled with consternation and dismay, fell back to their boats and retreated, when Capt. Reid bringing the Long Tom to bear upon them, fired the gun himself (which flew off the carriage), doing fearful destruction, and ending in the total defeat of the British. Then it was that Captain Reid cried out, "Now is the time, my boys, to cheer," and three wild, enthusiastic cheers echoed over the bay from shore to shore. The Americans among the crowd on the beach hailed the privateer, and asked if Captain Reid was safe, and being answered in the affirmative, gave three tremendous cheers in return.

The scene which now presented itself was one of indescribable horror. The silvered waters of the bay were crimsoned with blood. Dark forms of numerous dead bodies floated around on every side, while the groans and death shrieks of the wounded struggling around the boats pierced the very air. Many of the boats had been sunk. Two large launches belonging to the frigate Rota lay alongside the

privateer, with two other boats, literally loaded with their own dead. In a boat belonging to the Plantagenet all were killed save four. In

again written to Admiral Lloyd remonstrating against any further attack, but Lloyd sent for answer that he was determined on the capture of the privateer, and that if the Governor suffered the Americans to injure her in any manner, he should consider the place an enemy's port, and treat it accordingly. Returning on board Captain Reid gave up all hope of saving his vessel, but determined to defend her to the last. He accordingly ordered the dead and wounded to be taken on shore, and prepared for the worst. At daylight, on the morning of the 27th, the Carnation was observed under weigh, and stood close in for the privateer, when she immediately opened a heavy fire with all her force. The crew of the Armstrong, as if supernatural spirits or holding charmed lives, still grimly stood by their little bark, returning broadside for broadside with wonderful effect. The maintopmast of the Carnation soon fell by the board, and she became so much cut up in her hull and rigging, and with the loss of men, that her guns became silenced, and she was forced to retire. It was a sublime spectacle, that little privateer, with but a handful of men, fighting a hopeless battle against such tremendous odds, in vindication of her rights and her country's honor, with her colors still victoriously flying in reckless defiance.

Finding all further resistance fruitless, Capt. Reid blew a hole through the bottom of his vessel and scuttled her to prevent the English from getting possession of her, and then went on shore with his gallant crew. The enemy soon after boarded the privateer and set her on fire, when she blew up, and thus ended the fate of this noble little craft.



THE "OLD TRADING HOUSE," IN BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA TERRITORY. ESTABLISHED IN 1808 SEE PAGE 14.

another boat which had contained fifty souls, but one solitary officer escaped, and he was wounded. Four boats floated ashore full of dead bodies. Some of the boats were left with but a single man, while others had but three or four to row them. The termination was nearly a total massacre. This action lasted about forty minutes. The English force, estimating forty men to a boat, was about five hundred and sixty men. The English themselves acknowledged a loss in this attack of one hundred and twenty killed and one hundred and thirty wounded, but it must have been far greater. The loss of the Americans in this action was but one killed and six wounded!

The deck of the Armstrong, which was in much confusion, and slippery with human gore, was now cleared up, the Long Tom remounted, and preparations made for a fresh action, should the enemy again attack her. About this time Captain Reid received the following note from the American Consul:

"CAPTAIN REID—DEAR SIR,—You have performed a most brilliant action in beating off fourteen boats of the British ships in this road. They say they will carry the brig, cost what it will, and that the English brig will haul close in to attack you at the same time the boats do. My dear fellow, do not uselessly expose yourself if attacked by an overwhelming force, but scuttle the brig near the beach, and come on shore with your brave crew.

"Yours truly, J. B. DARNEY.

"Two o'clock, Tuesday morning, Sept. 27, 1814."

Captain Reid then went on shore, and after receiving the congratulations of the Consul, was informed that the Governor had



COUNTRY MILK CROSSING THE "SLOUGH OF DESPOND" BRIDGE OVER THE MUD AND MANURE LAKE IN FRONT OF TOWERS & CO.'S DISTILLERY, DUTCH KILNS, QUEEN'S CO., LONG ISLAND.



APPEARANCE OF THE FEET OF COWS IN THE DISTILLERY SWILL STABLES, SHOWING THE VARIOUS STAGES, FROM THE FRESH COW JUST ENTERED TO THE LONG INHABITANT OF THE SWILL PRISON-HOUSE.

Admiral Lloyd then made a demand on the Governor to deliver up the Americans as his prisoners, threatening, in case of refusal, to send a large armed force to take them. Capt. Reid collecting his Spartan band withdrew with them to an old Gothic convent, about half a mile in the interior, which they fortified and cut away the drawbridge, determined to defend themselves to the last. The English commander, however, already sickened by the dreadful carnage, made no effort to carry out his threat.

Many of the houses on shore received much damage from the guns of the Carnation, and several women were killed while looking out of their windows, and others wounded. The English were three days burying the dead from the boats and those which floated ashore, and two days more burying the men who died afterwards on board the ships from their wounds. Two sloops-of-war, the Thais and Calypso, which arrived some days afterwards, were sent back to England with the wounded.

While Capt. Reid was on shore, the third Lieutenant of the Plantagenet met him, with two other officers, one with his arm in a sling and the other with his ear shot off, and demanded to know whether or not he wore a shirt of mail during the battle. Capt. Reid replied he did not, and much less had not even a coat, as he was in his shirtsleeves. "Well," replied the lieutenant, "I consider myself the best shot in the British navy, and I fired at you at least a dozen times, and I was confident I saw the balls strike you and fly off!"

The battle of the Armstrong was the last that took place on the ocean during the war with England, and the battle of New Orleans was the last that took place on the land. They stand in remarkable affinity to each other. The fleet that attacked the Armstrong was a part of the squadron destined for New Orleans, then rendezvousing at Jamaica. The terrible reverse which the English met with in attempting the capture of the Armstrong caused a delay of some fifteen days, which favored Gen. Jackson, in reaching New Orleans, as he arrived only four days before the British. Had it not been for the gallant defence of the Armstrong, the English would have arrived some ten days before, and might have taken the city without a blow. Thus it seemed providential that the battle of the privateer General Armstrong should be the means of saving New Orleans.

Captain Reid is now in his seventy-fifth year, and despite his advanced age looks hale and hearty. On his appearance the other day in the Senate he was invited to a seat on the floor, and was treated with the respect due to his services and character. His wife died in September, 1855. He has three sons and three daughters, of the latter one is married to Mr. G. N. Sanders, the famous politician and our present Navy Agent, and another to John Savage, the Irish poet.

BELLEVUE, NEBRASKA TERRITORY.

From our own Correspondent.

THE amount of information in possession of the public respecting the enormous Territory of Nebraska is so extremely limited, and the general knowledge of its peculiarities and advantages is so slight, that we purpose engraving a series of sketches of various points of interest within its bounds. The Territory itself occupies the vast regions lying between the States of Iowa and Missouri on the east, and the Rocky Mountains on the west—deriving its name from the Indian appellation of the river Platte. Owing to its position, Nebraska has happily escaped the agitation to which its sister Territory, Kansas, has been subjected by the passage, in 1854, of the famous bill which bears its name; but its fertile soil and its almost inconceivable extent of unclaimed lands, have attracted already a very considerable number of settlers, who form a fringe of no slight depth along the navigable rivers. For many years Nebraska has chiefly been known as the *locus* of the celebrated *Maurais* *Terris*, or "Bad Lands"—a valley of some ninety miles in length and thirty in breadth, which derives its name from the sterility of its soil, and its interest from the extraordinary geological phenomena with which it abounds. The "Bad Lands" are a sunken plateau, some hundred feet below the level of the surrounding prairies, and are covered for miles with a close succession of natural pillars of stone, rising frequently to a height of one or two hundred feet, and wrought, in one of Nature's sportive moments, into the closest imitation of human architecture. Visitors have declared that the gigantic colonnades might actually be mistaken for the work of mortal hands. The valley is peculiarly rich in paleontological remains.

We commence our illustrations of Nebraska with the view of Bellevue, the seat of the Council Bluffs Indian Agency.

This beautiful site was originally selected some fifty years ago by the American Fur Company as a suitable location for a trading-house, and was, a few years later, adopted by the Government as the Council Bluffs Indian Agency; and still a few years subsequent the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions established a mission-house and schools for the education of all Indians of the Omaha, Otoe, or Pawnee tribes, who wished to attend. This institution was vigorously kept up until the purchase of the lands and removal of the Indians to their new homes, where buildings equally extensive and complete were soon made ready. For several years anterior to the removal of the mission, Rev. William Hamilton had the care and control of this matter, and by his attentive, watchful care and Christian deportment, has won many friends.

Bellevue is the county seat of Sarpy county, built upon a beautiful sloping eminence, on the west bank of the Missouri river, about four hundred and eighty miles above St. Louis, Mo., and opposite Pacific City, the terminus of the Missouri and Burlington Railroad; has a rock-bound coast, and a population of near two thousand. The "Old Trading House," with its surroundings, is a place of much interest to visitors, and was established in 1808. The steamboat landing is still at this place. Bellevue has immense beds of rock and coal, and many other elements to advance its future growth. There are many fine buildings in the place, most of which were erected within the last two years. It is situated near the mouth of the Platte river, and in sight of the town flows the Paffillion, a beautiful stream of pure water. Col. Peter A. Sarpy is the "oldest inhabitant," and a rare genius indeed, and the real "old man of the mountains."

DRAMA.

LAVIA KERR'S THEATRE.—Mrs. Bowers has been playing some of her favorite characters, which, of course, implies old pieces. Her Julia, in the "Hunchback," is very good; indeed she is so clever an artist that we are sorry she does not try some novelty. Mr. Conway is too well known in this class of character to need any criticism, and the same may be said of Mr. Davidge in his range of parts.

WALLACE'S THEATRE.—The new extravaganza of "Deserted" was produced on Monday to an overflowing house. It was a decided success, the scenery being excellent, and the grouping very effective. Lester, Davenport and their aids were all that could be desired. Mr. Blake made a model Mormon, and recited a very humorous poem from the pen of Mr. O'Brien, in which the admirers and admirers of will milk were metaphorically kicked, as they deserved to be. The music is characteristic, and the whole is a decided hit at the prevailing topic.

NAMES GAMES.—We have only to repeat the old story of crowded audiences and excellent entertainments. The Rayle have been so long a delightful feature in our theatrical world, that it seems almost impossible to realize their permanent absence.

HARRISON'S THEATRE.—The new drama of the "Hillside Tragedy" is the greatest attraction at present. Miss Denis gains upon the public greatly; her beauty is a handsome tribute to her popularity and merit. Miss Sally Paragon is also an actress of considerable promise. The Aquarium is still in full vigor; in a word, the Museum altogether is unique.

WOOD'S BUILDING.—Fun, frolic and music, with the sharpest hits at passing follies, are the nightly treats Mr. Wood spreads before his patrons. The "Lottery Question" is a very happy idea, and worthy the attention of all speculators in fun.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

ELECTRICITY.—A lady riding in the cars, found herself seated by the side of a man who was exceedingly deaf.

"Ma'am," said she, in a high tone, "did you ever try electricity?"

"What did you say, miss?"

"I asked if you ever tried electricity for your deafness?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I did. It's only last summer I got struck by lightning, but I don't see as it done me a mite of good."

"HAVE you studied sacred history, my child?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know the history of the creation?"

"I know that God made all."

"Why were Adam and Eve turned out of Paradise?"

The child hesitated a moment, and then fixing her eyes on her examiner, replied, "Probably they were turned out because they couldn't pay their rent!"

A GOOD RECIPE.—A few days since, a barber offered a reward of ten dollars for the best recipe for "instantly removing superfluous hair." Among the answers was one forwarded by a gentleman who speaks from experience. We give it: "Undertake to kiss a woman against her will."

FAIR ROHTRAUT.

King Ringus's daughter, her name I pray?

Rohtraut, fair Rohtraut.

What does she do the live-long day,

Since neither spin nor sew she may?

Angles and hunts.

O that I her husband might be!

How I should love a life so free!

Be silent, my heart!

Fortune quickly favored his need.

Rohtraut, fair Rohtraut,

At the castle he served indeed,

Dressed as hunter and mounted on steed,

Hunting with hounds.

O that a price they held me here,

Rohtraut, fair Rohtraut I love so dear!

Be silent, my heart!

Resting once 'neath an old oak tree,

Out laughed fair Rohtraut:

Why art gazing so wistfully?

Take, if you wish it, a kiss from me!

Trembled the boy.

Yet her bidding who could resist?

Lip to lip fair Rohtraut he kissed.

Be silent, my heart!

Home in silence rode youth and maid,

Rohtraut, fair Rohtraut;

But in his heart the proud boy said:

Though an Empress you now were made,

Little I'd grieve;

Since, as these myriad leaves can say,

Rohtraut, fair Rohtraut I kissed to-day.

Be silent, my heart!

SOME years ago a newspaper publisher in Vermont, finding a large amount of unpaid subscription on his books, concluded to employ a special collecting agent to go round for a per centage of his collections, and dun the delinquents, which he accordingly did in the person of O—, a substantial farmer of Democratic faith and persuasive address.

He undertook his task rather reluctantly, for the paper inculcated Calvinistic doctrines, which O, abhorred, and about election time, always threw his political influence on the side of the Whigs, which was still greater objection in the mind of the Democratic agent.

He met with all sorts of excuses, such as, "Never ordered it," "Don't get it regular," "Told 'em to stop it long ago," &c., &c., but O. was pertinacious and wouldn't take "No" for an answer.

"I don't like the paper, anyway," said one.

"Nor I either," said O.; "it's an awful mean paper, I'll allow—but you've got to take it, you know, as long as you don't pay up. That's the law. So if I was in your place, I'd pay up and stop the d—d thing!"

The man cashed over. O. got a hint from this, and using the same argument with every grumbler he met, collected nearly every dollar that was due the concern.

But the principal had scarcely got his money when he discovered that his agent's eloquence had nearly ruined his subscription list.

An itinerant phrenologist stopped at a rustic farm-house, the proprietor of which was busily engaged in threshing. "Sir, I am a phrenologist. Would you like me to examine the heads of your children, I will do it cheap."

"Wall," said the farmer, pausing between the two strokes, "I rather guess they don't need it. The old woman combs them with a fine-tooth comb once a week."

A SONG.

BY MRS. M. S. B. DANA SHINDLER.

Oh, happy days of childhood!

Ye have left me all too soon!

When I wandered in the wildwood,

Singing sweet "Bonnie Doon."

When merry voices ringing

In the tones of childish glee,

Told that no sad cares were clinging

To my young friends or me.

Off in the woodland hiding,

How we ran from tree to tree;

Or on young pine saplings riding,

We laughed in ecstasy!

Or in the waters wading,

On the smooth and sea-girl shore;

While the Western sun was fading,

We frolicked more and more.

Oh, happy days of childhood!

Ye will never more return;

For the waters and the wildwood

In vain, in vain I yearn.

THE ALABAMA SHERIFF.—Court was in session, and amid the multiplicity of business which crowded upon the sheriff at the time, he stopped at the door of a beautiful widow, on the sunny side of thirty, who, by the way, had often bestowed melting glances upon the sheriff himself. He was admitted, and soon the widow appeared. The confusion and delight which the visitor's arrival had occasioned set off to greater advantage than usual the captivating charms of the widow. Her cheeks bore the beautiful blushed tints of the apple blossom; her lips resembled rosebuds, upon which the morning dew yet lingered; her eyes were like the quivers of Cupid; the glances of love and tenderness which wanted a fine (pardon the pun) to do full execution. After a few commonplace remarks—

"Madam," said the master of fact sheriff, "I have an attachment for you."

A deeper blush than ever mantled the cheeks of the fair widow, who, with downcast eyes, whose glance was centred upon her beautiful feet, half concealed by the flowing drapery, gently patting the floor, she with equal candor replied:

"Sir, the attachment is reciprocal."

For some time the sheriff maintained an astonished silence; at last he said,

"Madam, will you proceed to court?"

"Proceed to court?" replied the lady, with a merry laugh; and then shaking her beautiful head, she added, "No, sir! though it is leap year, I will not take advantage of the licence therein granted to my sex, and therefore greatly prefer that you should proceed to court."

"But, madam, the justice is waiting."

"Let him wait; I am not disposed to hurry matters in such an unbecoming manner; and besides, sir, when the ceremony is performed, I wish you to understand that I prefer a minister to a justice of the peace."

"Madam," said he, rising from his chair with solemn dignity, "the e is a great mistake here; my language has been misunderstood; the attachment of which I speak was issued from the office of Squire —, who commands me to bring you instantly before him to answer for contempt of court in disobeying a subpoena in the case of Smith vs. Jones."

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vel, 'tis a ting vat I selk-m. don't like to talk about; but ven I does, it seems to be so long as it never vas."

CHESS.

All communications intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frère, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

Mr. Morphy will be in town in a few days, en route for the Manchester Chess Meeting.

LOUIS PAULSEN.—The most stupendous feat of memory ever attempted in the world has just been successfully performed by Louis Paulsen. On the evening of the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th of May, 1858, he succeeded in playing TEN games mentally, without sight of men or boards, playing nearly one thousand moves without an error, and frequently correcting the errors of his adversaries. Mr. Henry Herries, of Chicago—to whom, through the request of Mr. Paulsen, we are indebted for the contents of this number—writes: "In the midst of one of the games a piece was moved to a certain square. Paulsen demurred to that move being made, alleging that the square was already occupied. There was a movement of painful suspense, and many of the bystanders, shaking their heads, thought that for once his astonishing memory had proved treacherous; but he soon dispelled all doubts by giving the position of the pieces and Pawns as they stood at the close of the evening before; and recapitulating the moves made since, actually stated the exact time at which his opponents' mistakes had been committed."

Each evening, on the commencement of play, Mr. Paulsen named over every piece on all the boards without an error. Mr. Herries writes: "He went farther. Being anxious to keep his word and conclude the match at the appointed time, he asked to be excused one night from calling the position of the pieces, but requested us to see that there had been no change made. To that effect, at a distance of nearly one mile from the hall, simply, quietly, and with no other assistance than the 'mind's eye,' he described the actual standing of every board. We took it down in writing, went to compare Paulsen's description with the positions; and from No. 1, to X, from Pawn to King, found that everything stood precisely as he had announced it!" Mr. Paulsen won nine of the games, and consented that one game (No. 2) should be considered as drawn. Nos. 7 and 10 he finally won.

GAME I.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. Paulsen.	Mr. N.	Mr. Paulsen.	Mr. M.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	29 Q to R 2	B to K B 6
2 K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	30 P to K 6	P Kt P
3 P to Q 4	P Kt P	31 B Kt P	R to K Kt 3
4 Kt Kt P	Kt Kt Kt	32 B to K B 5	R to K Kt sq
5 Q Kt Kt	Kt to K 2	33 Q B to K B 4	R to Q 2
6 B to Q 4	P to Q 3	34 B Kt Q R (ch)	K Kt B
7 Kt to Q B 3	B to Q 2	35 R to Q 2 (ch) a	K to Q sq
8 Kt to Q 5	Kt to Q B 3	36 R to K B 2	Q B to Kt 5
9 Q to Q B 3	R to Q B sq	37 Q B to 6	B to Q sq
10 Castles	P to K R 3	38 Q to K 5	K B to Q Kt 3
11 P to K B 4	Kt to K 2	39 Q B to Q B 5	B to Q B 2
12 Q B to K 3	P to Q Kt 4	40 Q to K 7	Q to Q 4
13 K B to Q Kt 3	P to Q B 4	41 R to K B 7	K B to Q sq
14 Kt Kt Kt	Q Kt Kt	42 Q Kt Q R P	R to K Kt 3
15 P to Q R 3	P to Q B 5	43 B to Q 4	B to K R 6
16 K B to Q R 2	Q B to Q B 3	44 Q to Q B 6 (ch)	Q Kt Q
17 P to K 5	P Kt P	45 P Kt Q	R Kt Kt P (ch) b
18 P Kt P	B to Q 4	46 K to R sq	R to K Kt 5
19 P Kt Q Kt 4	R to Q Kt 2	47 R to K Kt sq	Q B to K Kt 5
20 R to K 2	R to Q B 3	48 B to K 5	K B to K Kt 4
21 Q R to Q sq	B to K 3	49 P to Q R 4	K B to K 6
22 R to Q B sq	P to K 2	50 R to Q Kt sq	Q B to K 3
23 Q to K Kt 3	P to K Kt 4	51 R to Q B 7 (ch)	K to Q sq
24 P to Q B 3	R to K Kt sq	52 R to Q sq (ch)	K to K sq
25 K B to Q Kt sq	R to Q B 2	53 B to K B 6	R to K Kt 8 (ch)
26 Q R to K sq	P to K R 4	54 R Kt R	B Kt R
27 P to K R 4	B to K Kt 5	55 K Kt B	Black resigns.
28 B to K 5	P Kt R P		

(a) 35 R to K 3. (b) B to K. (c) B to Q B 7 might have been better. (d) B should have taken the P.

GAME IV.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. Paulsen.	Mr. K.	Mr. Paulsen.	Mr. K.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	29 R to K B sq	R to K Kt sq
2 K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	30 P to K B 3	Q B to K 3
3 K B to Q B 4	K Kt to B 3	31 P to K Kt 4	Q to K R 6 (c)
4 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	32 Q to K 6	R to K Kt 3
5 K P Kt P	K Kt Kt P	33 P to Q B 4	P to Q 4
6 Q P Kt K P	B to K 3	34 Q to K R 4	K to K 2
7 Castles	K B to Q B 4	35 Q to R 7 (ch)	Q B to K B 2
8 Q Kt to Q 2	Castles	36 R to K sq (ch)	K to B sq
9 Q Kt to K 4	K B to Q Kt 3	37 Q to R 8 (ch)	Q B to K Kt sq
10 Q B to K Kt 5	Q to Q 2	38 R to K B sq	K B to Q B 2
11 Q to K 2	Q to K sq	39 Q B to K 5	K B to Q sq
12 Q R to Q sq	K Kt to K 2	40 R to K B 2	K B to K R 5
13 K B to Q 3	K Kt to Kt 3	41 K B to K B sq	Black resigns.
14 Q to Q 2	Q Kt Kt K P		
15 Kt Kt Kt	P to K B 4 (a)		
16 Kt to Kt 3	Q Kt Kt		
17 Kt to K Kt 3 (b)	Q to K B 2		
18 P to Q Kt 3 (b)	P to K B 5		
19 Kt to K 4	P to K R 3		
20 B to K R 4	R to K sq		
21 K to R sq	Q to K R 4		
22 Kt to B 6 (ch)	P Kt Kt		
23 Q Kt K B P	P to K B 4		
24 Q R to K sq	Q B to Q 2		
25 R Kt R	R Kt R		
26 R to K B 6	K to B 2		
27 Q to Q Kt 2	B to K 3		
28 R to K sq	B to Q 4		

(a) If Black takes Kt with Kt at the 15th move, then—

White plays—Black—

16 K to K B 6 (ch) P Kt Kt

17 Q B Kt P, and forces mate in 5

moves, viz: B Kt B P (ch)

18 R Kt B, Kt to B 6 (ch)

19 P Kt Kt, Q B to K B 4

20 Q to K R 6, Q to K 8 (ch)

21 Q R Kt Q mates next m. ve.

(b) It would have been better for White to retreat the Bishop to K 3.

(c) Black is evidently playing for a draw.

OPENINGS OF THE OTHER GAMES.

GAME II. Dr. H. An irregular opening resolving into a Cunningham's Gambit.

W. B. 1 P to K 4. 2 Q Kt to B 3. 3 P to K B 4. 4 K Kt to M 3. K Kt P 2.

GAME III. Mr. R., of New York. K Kt's defence to B's opening.

W. B. 1 P to K 4. 2 K B to Q B 4. 3 K B P to B 4. 4 B P Kt P. K Kt Kt K P.

GAME IV. Mr. B. A very irregular Queen's opening.

W. B. 1 P to L 4. 2 P to K 4. 3 K Kt to B 3. 4 K B to Q 3. K B P

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FLIGHT OF BRIGHAM YOUNG, FROM A DRAWING DONE HERE ON THE SPOT, BY OUR OWN CLAIRVOYANT ARTIST.

BROOKLYN, May 1858.
FRANK LESLIE, ESQ.—DEAR SIR,—We the undersigned deem it a duty we owe to ourselves and the public in general to make the following statement. In consideration of the present state of affairs with reference to the Milk market, and the excitement caused by the exposition of Sewall Milk dealers; also knowing you are desirous of giving justice to whom justice is due, we have, through the columns of your highly esteemed journal, taken this method of placing ourselves in a proper position before the public: also feeling desirous of aiding you in the furtherance of your noble enterprise, for which too much credit cannot be given; we would most respectfully inform the citizens of Brooklyn and the public in general, that we have heretofore and shall continue to supply them with Pure Milk from the farmers of Queen's County, Long Island. We receive Milk daily at the Bedford Depot. By inserting this in the columns of your widely circulated journal, you will oblige yours, respectfully,

SILAS C. WALTERS, Depot, cor. of Clauson av. and Quincy st., Brooklyn.

SILAS C. WALTERS, Kent av., near Myrtle av., Brooklyn Dairy from

Francis Lott, { Hempstead Branch, Queen's Co.
 Chas. C. Willis, {
 C. Parkhurst, {

J. W. PETTY, Depot, No. 142 Jay st. Brooklyn. Dairy from

J. Van Nostrand, { Hempstead, Queen's Co.
 N. Van Cott, {

JOHN LAYTON, No. 245 Navy st., Brooklyn. Dairy from

Oliver Loebe, { Westbury, Queen's Co.
 Chas. Mott, {

NICHOLAS STENGER, No. 128 Stagg st. (E. D.), Brooklyn. Dairy from

S. T. Taber, Roslyn,
 W. Tappen, North Hempstead, { Queen's Co.
 C. Willis, {
 T. Jackson, Syosett, {
 Wm. P. Titus, Westbury, {

A. J. STARKINS, cor. Park and Carlton av., Brooklyn. Dairy from

W. P. Titus, Westbury, { Queen's Co.
 Jackson Powell, Westbury, {
 John Firth, Hempstead Branch, {

WM. C. HAWKHURST, Depot, 223 Bridge st., Brooklyn. Dairy from

Stephen R. Hicks, { Westbury, Queen's Co.
 Jotham Post, {
 A. D. Covert, {

PETER SCHAUSE, cor. of Fulton av. and Bond st., Brooklyn. Dairy from

W. P. Willets, Hempstead Branch, Queen's Co.

B. H. WEEKES, cor. of Willoughby and Pearl sts. Dairy from

Valentine Willets, Hempstead Branch, { Queen's Co.
 Chas. Mitchell, Westbury, {

J. WHEELER, No. 147 Smith st., Brooklyn. Dairy from

I. U. Willets, Hempstead Branch, Queen's Co.

P. WOLF, No. 97 Leonard st. (E. D.), Brooklyn. Dairy from

Richard Allerton, { Hempstead Branch, Queen's Co.
 B. Smith, {

C. VAN NOSTRAND, No. 394 Myrtle av., Brooklyn. Dairy from

J. Sprague, Westbury, { Queen's Co.
 R. Fowell, {
 Wm. Valentine, {
 John Noon, {
 S. Bartholemew, Jerusalem Station, {

H. S. TERRY, cor. of Sands and Bridge st., Brooklyn. Dairy from

John Pettit, Hempstead, Queen's Co.

CALVIN A. TURNER, Depot, No. 100 Prospect st., Brooklyn. Dairy from

S. W. Albertson, Roslyn, { Queen's Co.
 John Pettit, Hempstead, {

M. H. RICHARDS, Office, No. 274 Hudson av., Brooklyn. Dairy from

James Van Nostrand, Hyde Park, Queen's Co.

J. E. FLOWS, No. 196 Myrtle av. Dairy from

O. Smith, Westbury, { Queen's Co.
 W. S. Willets, Syosett, {

WM. M. HIGLEY, corner of South First and Eighth sts., Williamsburg. Dairy from

S. Rushmore, Jr., Westbury, Queen's Co.

WM. PINKHAM, No. 9 Fillmore place, Brooklyn Dairy from

Henry Titus, Westbury, Queen's Co.

CHAS. EHRENSPECK, No. 297 South Fourth st. (E. D.), Brooklyn. Dairy from

Chas. Willis, Hempstead Branch, Queen's Co.

E. H. & R. S. HAWKHURST, Depot, No. 44 Hicks st., Brooklyn. Dairy from

Joseph Post, { Westbury, Queen's Co.
 E. C. Hawkhurst, {
 R. Hicks, {

C. J. BECKWITH, Depot, No. 4 Stanton st., Brooklyn. Dairy from

N. Van Cott, Hempstead, { Queen's Co.
 T. W. Albertson, Hempstead Branch, {

GEO. R. LUYSTER, Depot, No. 99 Wyckoff st., Brooklyn. Dairy from

H. S. Tuthill, { Jerusalem, Queen's Co.
 E. H. Seaman, {

SPASMODIC ASTHMA.—The most severe cases of this dreadful complaint have been cured by a few doses of JONES' REMEDY FOR ASTHMA, and no instance has it failed to give immediate relief. See advertisement.



THE MORMON LADIES MAKE AN AMICABLE SETTLEMENT OF ALL THEIR DIFFICULTIES.



THE MORMONS CONVERT THEIR CARTS INTO MOVEABLE HAREMS, AND GO ON THEIR WAY REJOICING.

MILK FOR BABES.

ALDEN & WOODHULL'S CONCENTRATED MILK.

The remarkable virtues of this invaluable preparation of PURE ORANGE COUNTY MILK

Are now freely admitted by all who have an opportunity of testing them.

It is particularly adapted for children who REQUIRE TO BE NURSED BY HAND,

and can be relied on as PURE ORANGE COUNTY MILK. Sold by Druggists and Grocers generally.

GENTLEMEN,—The preparations of yours which I have tried are excellent. The portable state of them, with their good qualities, makes them valuable for the invalid and the traveller.

July 10, 1857. VALENTINE MOTT, M.D.

Messrs. Alden & Woodhull, New York

Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons, &c.,

Can be supplied with Pure Orange County Milk and Cream by leaving their address at the Depot.

35 WHITE STREET, COR. CHURCH

Persons residing in Brooklyn can be supplied at their residences by leaving their orders with Mr. JOHN DONNELLY, 81 Main street, cor. James, Brooklyn 128-128

WHEELER & WILSON'S

SEWING MACHINES.

343 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Received the highest Premiums awarded in 1857 by the American Institute, New York; Maryland Institute, Baltimore, and at the Maine, Connecticut, Illinois and Michigan State Fairs.

Send for a Circular containing Editorial and Scientific Opinions, testimonials from persons of the highest social position, &c.

UNDER-GARMENTS,

HOSIERY and GLOVES,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

UNION ADAMS has removed from his former location to the spacious premises,

No. 631 BROADWAY,

(four doors below Bleeker street.)

where he is prepared to offer an extensive and superior VARIETY OF SPRING AND SUMMER HOSIERY,

for LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND CHILDREN.

The reputation, experience and increased facilities enjoyed by this establishment are guarantees to its numerous patrons, that they will always find an extensive and superior variety of DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN GOODS,

at prices generally paid for much inferior qualities.

THE NEW ARMY HAT.

The undersigned being instructed in the design of the Government, and having furnished the model patterns in the U. S. Clothing Arsenal, are prepared to furnish the New Hat in strict accordance with regulations.

REGIMENTS AND COMPANIES OF MILITIA disposed to adopt the

NEW ARMY HAT, will be afforded every facility, and furnished samples (by paying transportation) immediately on application, and at prices which cannot fail to meet expectations. The new Hat may be dismantled and worn for every-day dress purposes.

A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF ARMY EQUIPMENTS AND EMBROIDERIES.

WARNOCK & CO., HATTERS,

No. 519 BROADWAY,

St. Nicholas Hotel, New York.

From the New York Courier and Enquirer, April 21.

"THE NEW HAT FOR THE U. S. ARMY."

"We have been shown by Messrs. Warnock & Co. the Hat adopted by the Board recently convened by the Secretary of War, for the use of the officers and enlisted men of the army. In our opinion, it combines beyond all question the qualities essential to a hat which shall meet at once the requirements of fatigue and parade duties. It is equally fitted to the North and the South—to duties in the East, and on our West rn borders. Messrs. Warnock have carried out the ideas of the Board in a manner that cannot fail to give satisfaction to all, and their popularity among those requiring these hats is evinced by numerous calls upon them."

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PURE MILK!

HENRY F. FOX, 33 MADISON STREET,

DEPOT ESTABLISHED THIRTEEN YEARS,

would inform proprietors of Hotels, Restaurants, Saloons, Steamships, Boarding Houses, and the public in general,

that the same quality of Milk which has distinguished the above old and well established Depot for a number of years is still received, as the following Oath will show:

Sworn before me, this 22d day of May, 1858.

E. B. FELLOWS, Commissioner of Deeds.

Sworn before me, this 22d day of May, 1858.

HENRY F. FOX,

33 Madison street, New York.

OSCAR DURLAND & BROTHER,

WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Orange

County Milk, corner Rivington and Allen

streets, receive their supply from the Dairies of

James Durland, Chester, Orange Co.

David B. Seely, " "

Walter J. Conklin, " "

J. Degrote, " "

Jonas Durland, Goshen, " "

Samuel Beyer, " "

George S. Conkling, Otterhill, " "

Hotels, Saloons, Groceries, Bakeries and Private Families

supplied with the genuine article from the above Dairies

with promptness and despatch. OSCAR DURLAND,

NELSON DURLAND,

Corner Rivington and Allen streets, New York.

MILK.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

FEELING DEEPLY INTERESTED IN

the sale of a pure, healthy article of Milk,

I have taken the trouble to examine the Milk of several

Hotels and Dining Saloons, and finding the Milk supplied by

N. L. BENNETT to be equal to that raised by Mr. Leland, and

used at his Metropolitan Hotel; to any in want of a first-

rate article (at wholesale) I would cheerfully recommend

them to call on Mr. BENNETT, No. 191 Henry street, N. Y.

131 -A SUBSCRIBER.

PURE GRASS FED MILK.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform and assure

the public, families and others, whom he has

supplied heretofore in the city of Brooklyn, that they can

reliably depend upon their receiving a pure and unadul-

terated article of Milk from Grass Fed Cows, as received

daily from the Dairies of Mr. DANIEL WILLIAMS, of Jericho,

L. I., and Mr. THOMAS RUSHMORE, of Roslyn, L. I.

AARON KITCHEN,

Depot corner of High and Pearl streets, Brooklyn.

COUNTRY MILK.—I, the undersigned, take

this method to inform the public that I am a

dealer in Pure Country Milk, which I receive daily by the

Harlem Railroad, from the Farm of E. Raymond, situated

in the town of Bedford, Westchester County, N. Y. All

orders sent to 161 WEST FORTY-THIRD STREET will be punctually attended to.

131 F. W. CONKLIN.

FULTON COFFEE AND DINING ROOMS.—

Corner Fulton and Water streets, late Crook's.

Pure Orange County Milk taken at this house. 128-131

PURE ORANGE COUNTY MILK!

THE undersigned take this method to inform

the Citizens of Brooklyn that he sells nothing

but pure "Orange County Milk," received from Middle-

town every morning, by the New York and Erie Railroad.

JOHN H. JARVIS,

91, Concord street.

READ THE FOLLOWING CERTIFICATE.

CUMBERLAND STREET,

BROOKLYN, May 26, 1858.

ANALYSIS OF MILK.—

I do hereby certify, that the Milk subjected to analysis by

me and delivered by Mr. JOHN H. JARVIS, is a pure specimen

of Milk, and free from any adulteration.

GILBERT LANGDON HUME